

OR

MEMOIR

OF THE LATE
REV. LEMUEL COVELL,
MISSIONARY TO THE TUSCARORA INDIANS
AND THE PROVINCE OF UPPER CANADA;
COMPRISING A HISTORY
OF THE
ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF MISSIONARY OPERATIONS
IN THE
SHAFTSBURY BAPTIST ASSOCIATION,
UP TO THE TIME
OF MR. COVELL'S DECEASE IN 1806.

ALSO

A MEMOIR
OF
REV. ALANSON L. COVELL,
SON OF THE FORMER, AND LATE
A PASTOR OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
IN THE CITY OF ALBANY, N. Y.

—
BY MRS. D. C. BROWN,
DAUGHTER AND SISTER OF THE DECEASED.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

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BRANDON:
TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

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1839.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1839,
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RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Rev. Abijah Peck.

Dear Sister:—Having heard read the manuscript copy of the memoirs of your deceased Father, Elder LEMUEL COVELL, compiled by yourself, it brings to remembrance many scenes in which we were engaged together in trying to promote the cause of the Redeemer; and as I believe it contains in a small space, much useful information, I should be pleased to see it published. I consider what is said of the deceased is not exaggerated, but comes short of the real estimation in which his character was held by those acquainted with him.

Your friend and brother, in the kingdom

And patience of our Lord Jesus Christ,

ABIJAH PECK.

Mrs. D. C. Brown.

Clifton Park, June 3, 1839.

From the Rev. Isaiah Matteson.

Dear Sister:—With my whole heart, I bid you God speed in this enterprize, truly great and strictly pious, of publishing the memoir of your Reverend Father and Brother, with both of whom I had the pleasure of a somewhat intimate acquaintance, more so with the senior. In all my extensive acquaintance with ministers, for 40 years, I can truly say there was not one, in my humble opinion, so richly endowed and highly gifted, so entirely consecrated, so uniformly and unaffectedly humble and pious, or more useful than this dear man of God. His son Alanson evidently seems to have caught the falling mantle of his father. I say less of the son than of the father, (though my feeble testimony is not needed in favor of either,) because there are abundantly more of

those now living who have personally known him, and can and will duly appreciate his worth.

ISAIAH MATTESON,

*Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Shaftsbury.
Shaftsbury, June 7, 1839.*

From Henry Warren, Esq., of Pittstown, N. Y.

I hereby certify that I was one, and am the only one now living, of the Committee who were engaged in settling the pecuniary concerns of the late Rev. Lemuel Covell alluded to in this memoir. The account as given by the writer is correct. I was also one of the Committee who received the money in return from the people in Cheshire, and am knowing to the fact that there was a mutual satisfaction between the contracting parties.

With pleasure, I also add, that no man ever stood higher in my estimation than Mr. Covell; and in common with the few now remaining of his congregation and church, I cherish his memory with great delight, and am pleased with the prospect of having his memoir and that of his beloved son to peruse. I cordially wish this truly commendable effort of the daughter and sister, abundant success.

HENRY WARREN.

Pittstown, June 11, 1839.

From Rev. Stephen Hutchins.

Very Dear Sister Brown:—I am happy to learn you contemplate publishing the lives of your memorable father and your late brother. I have often regretted that the church should be deprived of the biographies of so many of her luminaries of the last century. The period in which they lived, I consider an important one in the Church, and especially of our denomination. The fact also that your father was one of the *first pioneers* in the cause of Missions and Ministerial Education,* cannot

* From a communication which I have just received from Hamilton Theological Institution, I learn that such was Mr. Covell's

RECOMMENDATIONS.

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fail to render his memoir one of no ordinary interest.—
And though the sun of your deceased brother set long
before it had reached its meridian splendor, yet such
were his talents, his prudence, his zeal, his piety, and
his success in winning souls to Jesus, that his praise
will long remain in the churches.

Yours, very truly,

STEPHEN HUTCHINS,

Pastor Baptist Church, Bennington, Vt.

June 22, 1839.

From Rev. John Peck, Agent of the N. Y. State Bap. Convention.

The author was indulged with an interesting visit
with this well known and dearly beloved servant of our
Lord, at the session of the Shaftsbury Association, in
1835. The subject of making out this Memoir was
freely conversed upon, and received his cordial approba-
tion, with the offer of any documents I might find among
his pamphlets of former days, if I would make a journey
to his residence. He further informed me that Mr. Co-
vell was one of the acting presbytery in his ordination,
and that there was no man's memoir he could be happier
to see. I saw him again at Stillwater, at the setting of
the Saratoga Association June 25th, of this present year.
His health was feeble and the press of business great;
still he kindly sat down and advised me concerning parts
of my manuscript, and on our parting said to me "I
wish you success, sister Brown, in your good undertak-
ing; and as there is no chance here to write, I wish you
to say for me, what I have said of your father in the
History of the Convention published by brother Lawton
and myself." I shall avail myself, however, of a short
extract only, which is as follows:

anxiety to obtain a knowledge of the languages in which the Bible
was originally written, that he contemplated attaining them if
possible, and had already commenced a preparatory course. And
also that his name may be classed with those of Baldwin, Still-
man and others, who felt deeply the want of an educated and
enlightened ministry.

S. H.

"Among the Missionaries from the Shaftsbury Association who visited this country, and penetrated as far as Long Point in U. C., Elder Lemuel Covell was particularly distinguished. He was indeed a flaming herald of the cross. There are many yet living who cherish for him a most affectionate and grateful remembrance."

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PREFACE.

The writer of *fiction*, or rather of history founded on facts, with fictitious superstructure, needs *time*, or distance of period, between the occurrence of events and their being presented to public notice, that the fanciful embellishments of imagination may be interwoven without danger of detection. But the writer of sober truth, one that would fain "a plain unvarnished tale deliver," regrets the absence of those who were cotemporary with the characters and acquainted with the circumstances: Sensible of the value and importance of corroborative testimony, nothing can be more delightful than to know that many will rise up and say—"yes, that account is correct; I was acquainted with the circumstances and knowing to the facts."

The writer of this Memoir laments the departure of so many of that precious band of brethren, who were cotemporaries and fellow laborers with the senior Mr. Covell, whose hearts were "knit together as the heart of one man," in the one all-absorbing desire to promote the establishment and extension of the Redeemer's kingdom—to plant the standard and extend the triumphs of the cross in every section of our favored country. Not that their wishes were bounded by territorial limits, or that they felt not for the aggravated horrors of a world perishing in pagan darkness, but because they were few in number, and limited in pecuniary ability; and while their whole heart prayed to God,—“send out thy light and thy truth; let all nations come and worship before thee; give the heathen to thy son for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession; and let the whole earth be filled with thy glory,” they were obliged to restrict their “labors of love,” to portions lying in their own more immediate neighborhood.

Some few of the venerable body yet remain. To them this humble offering of a daughter's love will be a welcome compilation, as several of them have already expressed. Indeed had it

not been for the approbation and assistance of these my dear father's friends, I must long since have abandoned the enterprize in despair.

Desirous that the memoir of both father and son should be authentic, after having collected my materials and written out my narrative, I journeyed about from friend to friend, as far as convenience would permit, and submitted my manuscript to the supervision of those who were best capable of determining its accuracy. Some on whom I would gladly have called with my book, probably possess information that would have rendered the work more acceptable, but not finding it in my power to visit them, and failing of receiving the desired information by letter, I have only to bow in submission to my heavenly Father, and bless his holy name for the plenitude of his goodness in granting me so much.

To all who have aided me, either by advice, documents, verbal information, written or oral approbation, or by other expressions of kindness, I tender my grateful thanks. To some, "I was a stranger and they took me in." May they be remembered of Him who taketh note even of "a cup of cold water."

As it is customary for writers, when first appearing before the public, to make some apology, and to express a sense of their unfitness and inadequacy to satisfy the expectations which their title page may be supposed to excite, I will say that I am no stranger to these feelings, and with truth may add to them a fearfulness, or jealousy over myself, on account of the interesting relation subsisting between myself and the lamented subjects of my narrative, lest filial and fraternal affection should influence me to exhibit them too much in the superlative.

I hope I have not erred in delineating their characters as exhibited in their course; but if in aught I have been mistaken, or misinformed, I shall be happy to be corrected, and hope to be pardoned. My wish is, to raise a *just* memorial to these dear servants of God, and to leave on long record, a testimonial to the faithfulness of Him who hath promised "never to forsake the righteous, or suffer his seed to go begging bread."

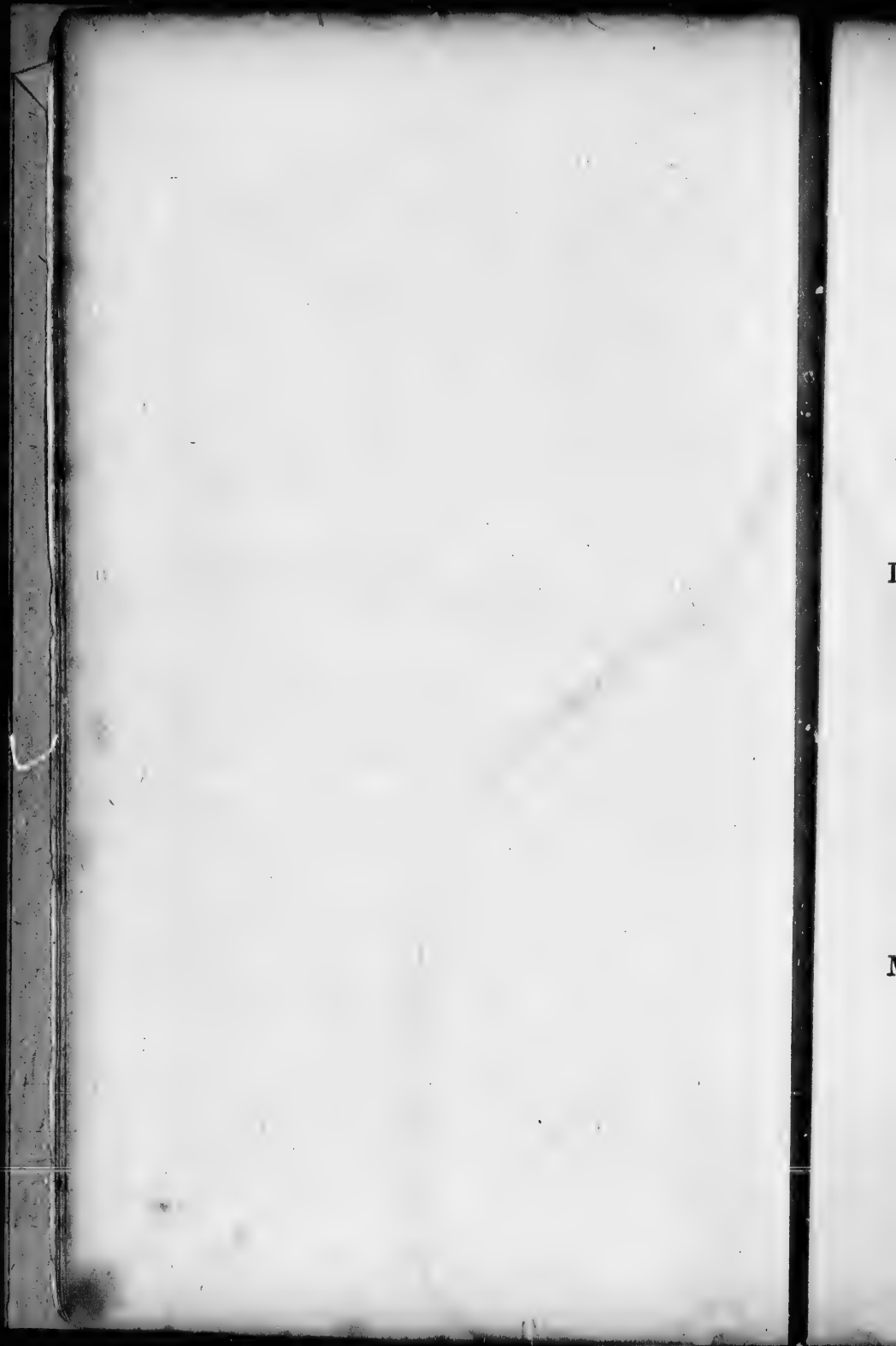
Believing as I do, that religious biography is one among the many precious streams, which make glad the city of our God, I deem no apology necessary for presenting my work to the religious public. On the contrary, if apology be needed at all, it must be on account of the long delay. I would that it might have appeared sooner, and that some more experienced and long accredited pen might have undertaken the pious and interesting

duty; but no one appeared at liberty to engage. My brother often communed with me on the subject of our father's Memoir, and gathered many of the materials for the work, but declined becoming the writer himself, both because every moment of his time was in imperious requisition, and because having no personal recollection of his father, he feared he should not be adequate to the task. In nearly our last conversation on the subject, he said to me, "Sister, I should be as happy to become our dear father's historian, as you could possibly be to have me, did I consider myself equal to the undertaking. I have not like you enjoyed fourteen years of intimate acquaintance with him, of course I can not so well know the genius of his mind, nor the incidents of his life; and I am convinced, that if it be the lot of any one it is yours; and if you conclude to undertake, I shall be happy to render you any assistance in my power."

But it was not until after I had been called to part with this dear brother and friend, that I found opportunity to gratify this long cherished wish of my heart; and then instead of a brother's aid in preparing a biography of our father, his own letters and journal lay before me as documents for his own. All my hopes concerning him, and all the visioned happiness of coming years, in beholding the pleasure of the Lord continue to prosper in his hand, together with all the actual and rich enjoyment of his visits and correspondence, were all buried in his grave, and I found myself thrown directly upon that blessed "Friend who sticketh closer than a brother."

Lonely and sorrowing I sat down to enjoy and to perform my mournful task. Slowly have I progressed, on account of occasional ill health, and domestic affliction and care. But having obtained help of the Lord, I have at length arrived at the conclusion, and submit my work with all its imperfections, to the indulgence of the Christian community, praying the great and glorious Head of the Church to add his blessing to this and every effort to show forth his faithfulness to those who put their trust in him, and his power to make even feeble instruments efficient in rolling forward his purposes of love and good will to man.

Pownal, June, 1839.



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MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory; Nativity; Parentage; Education; Apprenticeship; Majority; Sojourn in Canada; Return; Marriage; Disaster in Oswegatchie; Housekeeping; Profession of religion; Preaching; Ordination; Journal; Letter; Description of country; Shaftsbury Association; Extracts from their Minutes; Circular; Removal to Pittstown; Church in Troy; Circular.

To behold the present broad expanse of Missionary operations—to see the holy flame spreading from land to land, from sea to sea, enkindling beacons of mercy on islands and continents, kingdoms and colonies, States and dependencies—to read the communications from men converted by these lights shining in dark places, from the error of their ways, to the worship of “the true and living God”—to behold idols and temples becoming prostrate before the effulgent blaze of truth, and the moral wilderness beginning to bud and blossom as the rose—it seems scarcely possible that it is still something less than forty years, since the first systematic effort was made to supply the destitute of our own mission field; and still less since that field has been extended to embrace the world. “It is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.” He said “let there be light, and there was light.” He “saith, to this servant go, and he goeth; to another come, and he cometh; to another do this, and he doeth it.” “Many have run to and fro, and knowledge is increased;” and our hearts are now frequently gladdened, by report from various and

distant stations, that the great Head of the Church, the one grand Missionary from on high, He who hath shown us the way, and bidden us to walk therein, is verifying to his humble followers the all-sufficient promise, "and lo I am with you alway." But "by whom did Jacob arise? for he was small." How many of the present generation are acquainted with the *beginning* of this department of gospel operations? "this day of, numerically, small things?" Few, few indeed. And the design of this memoir is, to show, in connection with the history of an individual, the rise, and the progress, of missionary effort in the Baptist denomination, in this portion of our country.

Until 1802, nothing of the kind had been attempted among us in systematic form. A Baptist missionary, the Rev. Elkanah Holmes, had been previously established among the Seneca and Tuscarora Indians; but I am informed he was sent out by the New-York Missionary Society, composed of different denominations, but mostly of the Presbyterian. Baptists had not then become sufficiently numerous, or sufficiently endowed, to do more than supply their own immediate territory. But at the date of which we speak, a simultaneous effort was made by the distinguished Baptists at Boston and vicinity, and the Shaftsbury Baptist Association. Probably neither body was aware, at the precise time, of the doings of the other. But as the two Associations corresponded, their respective views and doings became reciprocally known and mutually understood.

The projected limits of this work will confine us strictly to the doings of the Shaftsbury Association.-- In the bright constellation of ministers composing that reverend body, no one shone more conspicuously than the subject of the present memoir.

Little is known of the minutæ of Mr. Covell's early

history. The more prominent events are as follow:—
 Born at Nine-Partners, Dutchess Co., New-York, on the
 28th of June, A. D. 1764. Left an orphan in his fourth
 year, he went to live with his mother's parents. His
 grand-father's name was Payne. He was a relative of
 the Thomas Payne, so celebrated for his patriotism and
 notorious as an infidel. Fortunately for Mr. Covell, this
 Mr. Payne and his wife were both pious. Schools were
 then scarce in our country, and his grand-mother learned
 him the rudiments of language herself, that he might be
 able to read in the Psalter. He remained with his
 grand-parents, until he was fourteen, and in the course
 of that time, was sent to school six weeks. He was
 now apprenticed to a blacksmith, and while an appren-
 tice, was indulged with eleven evenings' attendance at a
 school "to learn to cipher." This completed his scholas-
 tic course. But the God of nature had given him inves-
 tigating powers of mind, and an aptitude to avail himself
 of all possible opportunities for improvement. It has
 been said by some writer, Mrs. Phelps, I believe, that no
 one can be a good reader without genius. If so, Mr.
 Covell was a genius of the first order. He possessed a
 vividness of perception, that enabled him to transfer the
 spirit of the writer to his own bosom; and whatever
 author or subject he read, he appeared like one pronounc-
 ing his own sentiments. He wrote with great rapidity,
 yet perfectly intelligible, and became unusually ready
 and accurate, in the science of Arithmetic. He studied
 no grammar, yet his language was ever correct. An
 innate sense of propriety enabled him to detect inaccu-
 racy and avoid it.

On attaining his majority, he commenced business as
 a blacksmith in company with a Mr. Denio, in Shafts-
 bury, Bennington Co. Vermont. Here we begin to learn
 something of his moral character. It had one, one only
 shade, but that *was* a shade, one too that he bitterly

mourned over in after time, an addictedness to the use of profane language. He soon became endeared to the young, by a scarcely ever ceasing flow of good humor and sportiveness, and beloved and respected by all, for his obliging disposition, his uprightness in deal, and his punctuality in business. As might be expected from a mind of his organization, he was quick in everything, of course hasty in his temper; but readily appeased, showing himself as willing to be cooled as to be irritated.—He never treasured up wrath, hoarded malice, or sought revenge. At that period the religious community was mostly Presbyterian. Baptists were comparatively few, and the more zealous among them were called New Lights. A man at his shop one day dropped a word about his profanity and excessive gaiety. "O, well, said he, I shall leave it off by and by, and turn preacher. I mean to be a great Presbyterian minister yet—not one of these New Lights."

He remained in Shaftsbury about two years. We next find him with Mr. Simeon Covell, a brother of his father, in Lower Canada. While there, he experienced "a change of heart," but made no open profession of religion. About the year 1789, he came to Galway, Saratoga Co. New-York. That was the residence of all the own brother and sister he had. While there, he became acquainted with Miss Clarissa Mather, descendant of the celebrated Dr. Cotton Mather of Boston.—They married, and thought of returning to Canada to live. "But it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." With reference to his determination of settling in Canada, he carried Mrs. Covell to Suffield, Connecticut, and leaving her there in the bosom of her mother's friends, commenced his return to his uncle, with a view to make arrangements for removing and establishing himself with him.

It was winter, and the country thinly peopled, especially in the western part of New-York. Few indeed were "the lodging places of the wilderness," and the "way-faring man" must travel hours to go over all the intervening distance. He journeyed on foot, and while traversing the wilds of Oswegatchie, his sufferings from the severe cold were intense. While passing from one habitation to the next, a distance of many miles, his feet became frozen, and he was confined at the house where he put up, eleven weeks. Whether this circumstance changed his mind with respect to settling in that region, is not known. He however accomplished the small remnant of his journey, adjusted his concerns in Canada, with something of a sacrifice of property, and eventually returned with his wife to Galway. There he commenced housekeeping, and there his mind became excited to confess Christ before men. It is matter of regret, that we find no written account of the work of Divine grace upon his heart, as it is ever interesting and profitable to compare notes with those who have been redeemed from the power and dominion of sin—to contemplate "the diversity of operations," and to behold in all "the same spirit." We have a precious relic in his own hand writing, of his early history as a herald of salvation.—We transcribe it verbatim.

"Memorandum of preaching, &c.

My first attempt to preach, was at Galway on the evening of the 21st of February, 1792. I was then a member of the Third Baptist church in Galway. Since that time, a town has been set off from Galway, by the name of Providence, which has occasioned the said church to assume the name of the First Baptist church in Providence. I was at that time laboring under many doubts and trials in my mind, with respect to the duty of preaching the gospel. Those trials prevented my at-

tempting the work, except in very few instances, till about the beginning of October, 1792. From that time forward, I continued to preach steadily, one-half of the time with the church where I lived, and the other half in a new settlement, about four miles from our usual place of meeting. Toward the latter part of the year 1793, the church gave me a letter of license to preach, wherever I thought it to be my duty. I then agreed to preach steadily with the people in the settlement above-mentioned, which was then a part of Galway. About the middle of August, 1794, a very great awakening took place; a number were hopefully converted; and on the last of December, the same year, a church was established in that place, by the name of the Fourth Baptist church in Galway, which was afterwards called, the Second in Providence. I removed my residence and membership to the newly established church, and in the year 1796, was by them regularly called to take upon me the work of the Gospel ministry, by being publicly ordained to that purpose. With great reluctance I consented to accept their call, and was ordained on the 11th of May of that year."

The manuscript proceeds with the minutia of the doings of the council, and ceremonies of the ordination, but as the following certificate presents us the summary, we omit the details.

"At the same time I received the following certificate: This may certify to all whom it may concern, that Lemuel Covell is a member of the Second Baptist church in Providence, being a wholesome member and in good standing. Said church called on him to take the lead of them as a preacher, and after satisfaction of his call to the ministry, they called on several churches of the same faith and order to sit in council to ordain him.— Said council convened on the 10th of May for that pur-

pose, and after a strict and critical examination, by a number of ministers and substantial brethren, he was ordained on the 11th of May 1796, by us as a presbytery.

JOSEPH CORNELL, }
SAMUEL ROGERS, } *Elders.*
JONATHAN FINCH, }

Providence, May 11, 1796."

Mr. Covell then continues:

"Not long after, I began to preach in a stated way. I began to keep a journal of the times and places of preaching, and of texts of Scripture I preached from. I continued to keep said journal, regularly, about a year, during which time I often had very serious reflections on the matter, and many queries presented, whether it was right. On the one hand, there appeared to me some advantage, or at least convenience, connected with such a practice. On the other hand, I often viewed it as carrying too much the appearance of a mechanic's book of accounts. At length, the latter had so much effect on my feelings, that I came to a resolution to proceed no farther in the practice. I committed my journal to the flames, and while it was dissolving to smoke and ashes, I felt a kind of enthusiastic satisfaction, which I then looked upon as good evidence that Heaven approved the act, but which I now believe was the effect of superstition and ignorance, of which I then possessed a pretty large share, though I did not at that time perceive or believe it. I have often thought since, that it would be matter of real pleasure to me, if I could despatch that act, and many others at that stage of my life, to everlasting oblivion, with the same ease I did my little innocent scrap of a journal. Several other small scraps of memorandums, which might have been of some use to me, shared a similar fate. Viewing these as acts of religious heroism, and being a little elated with the tho'ts

of having gained so signal a victory over my pride, I made known to some of my friends, what I had done, the struggles I had felt in my own breast on the subject, and the conscious pleasure, as I called it, which I felt on the occasion. Instead of correcting this error of my youth, they joined in my superstitious exultation, greatly admired, and highly commended the supposed christian magnanimity I had displayed. O, the power of superstition!

Sometime before I was ordained, having had more time for deliberation, and experience having corrected some of my *sincere* errors, I felt real regret and mortification, that I had acted so rashly. I could then see no moral evil, but many real advantages, in keeping written memorandums of many things that occurred in the course of my labors as a minister of the Gospel. I finally came to a resolution to lay aside such childish notions, and to do everything in my power to improve my own mind, and the minds of others. And believing that a recurrence to what had passed, might, in many instances, be a guide and monitor in future, and answer many useful purposes to myself and others, I determined to give myself free latitude to commit to writing whatever I might from time to time deem proper or useful to be preserved. And I have only to regret that the circumscribed state of my affairs in life has prevented my doing more in that way than I have. I should not have given myself the pain of committing the above circumstances to writing, were it not that I wish, by honestly confessing my own mistakes, to dissuade my dear children, for whose sake, principally, I have undertaken to throw my loose memorandums into regular form, from being prevented by any superstitious qualms, from taking all just methods to lay a foundation in youth for pleasing instead of uncomfortable reflections, in maturer

stages of life. And I earnestly entreat them to suffer the disinterested admonitions of an affectionate father to have due weight on their minds, in every period of their lives.

To return to my subject.—After I was ordained, I determined to keep an account of all the sermons I should preach, with a statement of the times, places, and occasions of preaching, and the texts of Scripture made use of. I also thought proper to keep an account of all my administrations of the ordinances, with the times and places of administering. I also viewed it my duty to keep a strict account of all marriages I should be called to administer, with the names of the persons, &c. I have hitherto kept my journal on loose papers, without reducing them to such a regular form as would render them intelligible to any person but myself. But viewing the uncertainty of life, and being desirous that my family and friends, may have the satisfaction, if any it can afford, of perusing it, after its author sleeps in the dust, I have now undertaken to reduce it to such state, as to render it instructive to my dear family, to whom in the fear of that God to whom I look for every blessing, I most affectionately dedicate this work, and the future continuance of it, earnestly praying, that a Divine blessing may rest upon the unworthy author, the performance, and all who may ever have the perusal of it.

LEMUEL COVELL."

Pittstown, Dec. 8, 1804.

Here closes all that is now to be found of the autobiography. It *was* continued to some considerable extent, and it is to be feared, and lamented that some one of those who had the care of Mr. Covell's papers has been actuated by a mistaken delicacy, in cutting out from the manuscript history so many of the sacred leaves. They are gone, with much else that would have been

pleasant and profitable, but there is an imperishable record on high; "his name is written in heaven," and his works have followed him there.

The next article at hand is, the copy of a letter to Mr. Joseph Osborn, which appears to have been an answer to a request from him. It is given verbatim.

"Providence, Feb. 23, 1797.

Beloved Friend:—I am now as ripe as I expect to be soon, to give you an exposition on the wise man's expression, "Be not overmuch righteous, neither make thyself overmuch wise; why shouldest thou destroy thyself?"

1st. Negatively, we cannot be *really* and truly righteous to *excess*. Neither can we have *too much* of that wisdom that cometh from above.

But, 2d. Positively, we ought not to be too much talkatively, pretendedly, or hypocritically righteous: i. e. never pretend to be very zealous, or righteous, beyond what you really are, for the sake of making a show in the religious class; for if you do, your hypocrisy will soon be discovered, and your influence as a reprover, or religious adviser, &c., will be destroyed; for who loves or dreads the hypocrite with all his sanctity?

"Neither make thyself overmuch wise." Never pretend to abundance of wisdom or knowledge—or "think more highly of thyself than thou oughtest to think, but think soberly;" or else thy folly will soon be discovered by thy self-conceitedness, and thy influence, usefulness, and reputation will be totally destroyed.

"Be not overmuch wicked, why shouldest thou die before thy time?" 1st. Every instance of wickedness is more than we ought to commit, therefore to commit *one* sin is (in that respect) to be overmuch wicked.—But, 2d. I understand the text under consideration, to mean this: Be not presumptuously, or audaciously

wicked; why shouldst thou thereby expose thyself to the law, and be executed as a malefactor: or why shouldst thou thereby rush into some uncommon, or, as we often speak, some untimely death?

This is the best light I have on the subject. If you differ from me in opinion, be so good as to give me yours on the subject.

May the Lord grant that you and I may be, not pretendedly or hypocritically, but really and truly righteous; not conceitedly knowing, but wise unto salvation, for Christ's sake.—Amen.

I am yours, &c.,

LEMUEL COVELL."

To Joseph Osborn.

Returning to the date of his ordination, we will resume the natural method of noting events in the order of their occurrence. But we are now no longer to trace him as a private individual merely. He has now become one of a chosen band, that were to "prepare the way of the Lord," and "cast up in the wilderness a highway for our God." He is now to appear before us in new, and more interesting positions. As God had given him the spirit of a pioneer, so did he spread out the way before him, and point him along from post to post, from station to station, from adventure to adventure, if so we may say, until the principle had ample developement, and it might with truth be said, that he had "obtained grace to be faithful." In destitute places he planted; in less uncultivated portions he watered; where nothing had been done, he "preached Jesus Christ and him crucified;" where the foundation had been already laid, he labored to "build up in the most holy faith," "becoming all things to all men, if by all means he might save some."

The church over which he was now constituted pastor, was, as we may see by his journal, gathered under

his ministration, "being the first fruits unto God" by him.

As he was now to enter a wider field of operation, it may not be amiss to survey the ground. For an extent of several hundred miles west, and around Saratoga county, much of the country remained in its original wildness; and in several sections, the Indian still roamed his native forests free. But the forest and the Indian were fast disappearing at the sound of the axe, and the smoke of the white man's dwelling. The spirit of emigration has probably existed ever since the time our first parents went forth from the garden of Eden; and under its influence, settlements were fast forming in the region, and at the time of which we speak. Indeed there were some few townships that, both from appearance and date, might be called, old settled places; but most of the country was new—emphatically new. The gigantic growths of ages were to be levelled—the earth was to be subdued—habitations were to be reared—society formed—and the worship of God instituted and maintained. Truly the field was wide, the harvest or labor of ingathering of souls was great, and the laborers few. And those few needed, and most of them seemed to be endowed with, a double unction from on high.—Nearly every one was called to officiate as pastor and evangelist too; and nobly did they fill the measure of their days. East of Saratoga, through Rensselaer County, the south part of Vermont, and the northern part of Massachusetts, the country had been settled longer.—Framed houses, Baptist churches, and ordained ministers, were more frequent; and here, including Saratoga County, were located most of the churches composing the Shaftsbury Association. This body, according to Mr. Benedict, "was constituted in 1780, containing at first but five churches, viz: Two in Shaftsbury, one in Chesh-

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ire, one in Stillwater, and one in White Creek. The principal ministers were Peter Worden, William Wait, Lemuel Powers, and Joseph Cornell."

But as settlements increased, and the word of God grew and multiplied, new churches arose, and were added to the parent stock. They met annually, and published the Minutes of their doings, but the earliest number at hand is dated 1788. At that session, they numbered sixteen churches, eleven ordained ministers, eight hundred and three communicants. Nothing unusually interesting in their Minutes. But at their next session, holden at Hillsdale, Columbia Co., New-York, we find the 10th article of their Minutes to read thus:

"As the churches of Stillwater and Hillsdale have signified in their letters, that their respective Elders, L. Powers, and Stephen Gano, (afterwards of Providence, R. I.,) are disposed to travel considerable part of their time, and preach the Gospel, and the churches acquiescing therein have requested us to send supplies to, and provide for them, while their Elders may be absent. We heartily rejoice to find the churches' Elders engaged in the cause and spread of the truth—and appoint the following supplies," &c.

This is *supposed* to be the first and last record of its kind, until Mr. Covell's time. It assuredly is, unless some of the few missing numbers of their Minutes should afford something similar. But from the tenor of those at hand, that is deemed improbable. The Association was annually increasing in numbers and gifts.—Occasionally some church would drop off to unite with some other associated body, as it rose, still the annual returns show a nett gain, and the pages of their Minutes occasionally something not altogether irrelevant to the interest of our own pages. The following extract from the Minutes of 1792, although it has no direct connection

with the history of Mr. Covell or the missionary doings, will still serve to make us somewhat acquainted with the men he was soon to become associated with.

"Article 16. Voted to transcribe into our Minutes the following article, taken from the Minutes of the Warren Association of last year, as fully containing our sentiments. That the Association being impressed with a sense of that freedom which every child of Adam is entitled to by nature, and of which they cannot be deprived but by hostile usurpation, take this method of manifesting their hearty detestation of the *slave-trade*, and recommend it to all our brethren, to pray Almighty God, to hasten the auspicious day, when the Ethiopian, with all the human race, shall enjoy that liberty due to every good citizen of the commonwealth, and the name of *slave* be extirpated from the earth."

The Circular Letter of 1793, was from the pen of Elder John Leland, upon the Divine authenticity of the sacred scriptures. Our limits will deny us the rich treat of the entire letter, but we make room for the first paragraph as we pass:

"*Beloved Brethren*:—It is a leading characteristic of the Baptists, that without pope, or king for head—without spiritual or civil courts established by law—without a conclave of bishops or convocation of clergy—without legalized creeds or formularies of worship—without a ministry supported by law, or any human coercion—in discipline they are so far united in sentiment, respecting the New Testament, that a free correspondence and communion circulate among them. "They have no king, (on earth,) yet go they forth all of them by bands: The Bible is the only confession of faith they dare adopt—the final umpire they appeal unto for a decision of controversies."

After an interval of four years, we again find a copy

of their Minutes, dated 1798. The statistics of this year are, churches, forty-seven, ministers, twenty-eight, communicants, three thousand four hundred sixty. This was probably the third time Mr. Covell had attended with his ministering brethren in their associated capacity. He still watched over his beloved flock in Providence, and was still returned by them to the Association as their member and minister, though he had removed his residence, and ordinarily preached in Milton, a town some few miles north. Though he must have been a junior among his brethren at this time, still we find him appointed on various committees, and the writer of the Circular Letter. It is here inserted verbatim and entire.

*"Beloved Brethren:—*Among the many subjects that excite our attention, the necessity of *gospel discipline in a church*, claims high rank. No society can stand long without certain rules of decorum, which being broken, subject the delinquent to certain penalties. Jesus Christ, the king of Zion, and lawgiver to his people, has ordained rules and precepts, by which all our conduct as christians or churches ought to be regulated, and which when broken reduce the transgressor, if remaining incorrigible, to an exclusion from fellowship. The design of Christ's discipline is, not to dissolve, but to perpetuate the union of his saints. The grand basis of their union is the love of God in their souls, which flows from the glorious fountain of love, the great Jehovah, through the adorable Mediator, by the agency of the Holy Spirit.—Hence their fellowship is with the Father, and with the Son, and one with another. Brethren thus united have a fervent desire to maintain that union. When their hearts are burning with that love, they need but little reproof from one another. Each one will discipline himself. But alas, shall we speak it? facts demonstrate the melancholy truth, that the children of God, whom

he has nourished and brought up, rebel against him.— They back-slide from their God, lose their first love, and transgress the commands of Jesus. Then the discipline of the gospel becomes necessary, first to reclaim the back-slider from the error of his way, save the lost sheep, restore the soul that has sinned, and hide the multitude of sins. As discipline should be administered justly and in season, so it should be in the spirit of meekness, love and humility. Much time and labor are spent in vain, and many are lost by a church, when too harsh in some instances, and too favorable in others—too precipitant with one, and too indulgent with another. But when churches are exercised with as just motives, and as much of meekness and faithfulness as can well be expected in this imperfect state, how often are they obliged with the knife of discipline to perform gospel amputation, to cut off the infected member to prevent the mortification of the body. If a church neglects to withdraw from any brother that walks disorderly, and not according to the traditions received of the apostles, such church virtually partakes of his sins, and with an Achan in the camp, the Israelites cannot stand before their enemies. Secondly, the discipline of the Gospel is to be used, to evince to all beholders, that the saints have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, and that they have so much loyalty to the Redeemer, that they will not walk with any who live in the breach of his commands, although in these respects they are as dear to them as a right hand, a foot, or a right eye. Neither are those members who have removed their residence and not their membership, to think themselves out of the reach of discipline, nor the churches where such members live, to think themselves excused from using faithfulness with such members,—for, the nature of the christian economy dictates that the *finishing* stroke of discipline should be executed by the church, where their

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membership is, but that the labor should *begin* by the persons who have knowledge of the crime. We conceive that members of churches (if circumstances concur,) should remove their membership with their residence—otherwise they grow careless and negligent, and often sinful, and thereby the cause which they profess to love is brought into disgrace; and should not churches be as particularly watchful over the members of another church who reside among them, as if they were their own members in every ceremonious form? It is by the just discipline of the Gospel, that the dignity and authority of the church appears, her spiritual health is preserved, many of the cavils of her enemies are repelled in embryo, and the union, strength, peace and fellowship of her members is greatly increased. We also add, that we believe much of the leanness of soul, coldness and barrenness of mind, which so much prevail at present among the children of God, is owing to the want of due attention to the laws of Christ. Hear what He says: "If any man love me, he will keep my words, and my father will love him, and we will come and take up our abode with him." The intended limits of this letter forbid us to enlarge.

From the foregoing hints, dear brethren, you may learn how necessary and useful it is, to pay a strict attention to regular Gospel discipline. Should this be universally observed among the churches, then would "Zion appear beautiful as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, and terrible as an army with banners." We therefore recommend it to you to be constant in your duty, faithful and impartial in discipline, "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." "And let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven." "Brethren, farewell. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God the Father, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all, amen."

Nothing had as yet been done by the Association as a body, in the cause of Missions, further than to supply by appointment, the shepherdless flocks within their own boundary. To do this, made nearly every minister, in his turn, somewhat a missionary. It is delightful to contemplate the self-sacrificing spirit of the churches of that period—so willingly manifesting their neighborly love—so ready to listen to the Macedonian cry, “come over and help us.”

Their own territory was scarcely yet reclaimed from the condition of Missionary ground, but will not those who have the love of God shed abroad in their own bosoms, long to see the blessed flame spread from heart to heart, from land to land, from sea to sea, till the whole earth shall be filled with the glory of God? Several of the Elders spent much time in visiting places destitute of the preached word, thus comforting the scattered sheep of the wilderness, and sowing the good seed of the kingdom. Mr. Covell was one of those who thus went about doing good. Whether it would be right to claim for him, that he “labored more abundantly than they all,” I leave. This is known that he labored much—that he sought not his own, but the things that were of God. No man could be more affectionate as a husband, more kind and judicious as a parent, or more careful to “provide things honest in the sight of all men.” Still the cause of his Redeemer was paramount to every other consideration, and he was never so happy as when employed about his master’s business. Seeking “first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness,” he felt a confidence that all things needful would be added thereto, not altogether in the way of salary, however—for his people were unable to do much for him—but he looked for a blessing upon the labor of his hands; nor did he look in vain. By school teaching, and some manual labor, together with what he received occasionally for

preaching, he obtained a comfortable livelihood. He had "obtained favor of the Lord," in the gift of a companion who "did him good and not evil all the days of his life." He took unwearied pains in the instruction of his own children, and counted sacrifice and toil a pleasure, to promote the cause of education generally. Whatever of learning he had, he had sought for as for hid treasure; of course he knew its value, and regretted only that he was obliged to desist from continued research.

During this year, of 1788, he was invited to the pastorate of the First Baptist church in Pittstown, Rensselaer county. He accepted the call, moved his family and commenced his labors, about the beginning of the year 1799. Here was labor sufficient for one man, but the small and recently formed church in Troy, being destitute, he preached with them one-fourth of the time that year. Troy was not then what it now is, a large, populous, wealthy city, with its many seminaries of learning and numerous edifices of public worship; and Baptists there and then were few indeed. But it pleased God to smile upon the labors of his servant, and pour out his holy spirit upon this small but enterprising community, and several were added to the church. The people became much attached to him, and one young lady, a school teacher, Miss Sally Brown, to express her gratitude to her father in the gospel, as she considered Mr. Covell to be, proposed taking his eldest daughter, then in her eighth year, into her school that summer, and her step-father, Mr. Rice, one of a respectable mercantile firm, offered to board her for half price. As Mr. Covell then lived a mile and a half from any school-house, the generous offer was gratefully accepted. Other tokens of respect were also shown to both parent and child. This circumstance is mentioned, partly in gratitude to God for any opportunity for intellectual improvement, and partly

not to seem forgetful of past favors. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

As has been said, Mr. Covell removed to Pittstown, not far from the beginning of 1799. His first charge, in Providence, about fifty miles distant, still remained "as sheep having no shepherd," and by appointment of the Association, it was his lot to re-visit them in February. Accordingly he went, fulfilled his appointment, and proceeded onward some sixty miles or more, further west, preaching, as he went, the unsearchable riches of Christ. In the Minutes of the Association of June following, among other appointments for Mr. Covell we find the following:

"Article 12. The Circular Letter was called for and read, but not giving general satisfaction, Elders Leland and Covell, were appointed to prepare one." Elder Leland having been previously appointed to write to a sister Association, declined. So we find, "article 17, the Circular prepared by Elder Covell, was read and approved." We insert it verbatim.

"The Elders and Brethren of the Shaftsbury Association, holden at Stephentown, the 5th and 6th of June 1789, to the churches they represent, send greeting:

Dear Brethren:—By the good hand of our God upon us, we have been preserved another year, and have had another social interview together. The good news, which we have received from several of the churches of our union, has had the cordial effect upon our hearts, that cold water has upon the poor, weary, thirsty traveller. It is matter of consolation to us, that the kingdom of the despised Nazarene is flourishing in any part of our apostate world. O that we might see a more general display of the all-conquering power of sovereign grace, in the conversion of sinners throughout the habitable parts of the earth. In short, our souls, we trust, are

longing to see the final downfall of antichrist's kingdom, and to see the kingdom of Prince Emanuel extended to earth's remotest bounds. We have however had the melancholy news from some of our churches, that it is a time of declension among them, but we would encourage those "who sit in darkness, and have no light, to trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon their God."

Dear brethren, while *your* souls are flaming with holy emotions, in seeing and feeling the glorious work of Jehovah, and while *our* hearts are enraptured with the joyful tidings, permit us as those who wish to watch for the good of your souls, as well as for the honor of our Master, to suggest a few thoughts upon the importance of *maintaining a close walk with God*, while sojourning here below.

And first, as the effects of true religion in the heart are real and unfeigned love to the divine character, and the most voluntary and cordial attachment to the dear Redeemer and his cause in this sinning world; it therefore is of the utmost importance that we act in every department of life in such a manner as to demonstrate our real confidence in a holy God, and our hearty submission to his government.

Secondly, there is no way that we can evince to the saints that we love God, and consequently no way that we can enjoy their fellowship, unless we live a life devoted to the practice of religion. "By their fruits ye shall know them. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles." Therefore if we would rejoice the hearts of the righteous, and enjoy their fellowship, we must *live our religion*.

Thirdly, we cannot demonstrate to an opposing world the realities of religion, unless we adhere strictly to the great duties of "doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God." When professors of religion grow

remiss in their duty, instead of putting to silence the ignorance of foolish men, they weaken the hands and sadden the hearts of all God's faithful children. But the wound thus inflicted affects no class so much, perhaps, as the ministers of the Gospel. How can a minister hold up his head before an ungodly race of infidels, who deny the blessed truths of the Gospel and say religion is nothing but a mere trick of state, a holy fraud, peculiar to the sacerdotal robe, invented and improved to get money, and to indulge themselves in idleness; while he sees those who profess to believe in religion, and boast of high attainments therein, living in sin, in the neglect of duty, and in direct opposition to what he feels constrained to declare to them from the pulpit. How must a faithful preacher feel when declaring from the pulpit those awful truths which cause infernal spirits to tremble, to see numbers in the assembly making derision, and knowing that the objects of their levity are sitting in his presence in the character of brethren in the Lord, their lives and conversation bespeaking them the "lovers of this present world, more than lovers of God." O, how painful must a sight like this be, to a true minister of Jesus Christ, and yet we fear many of them behold at times the heart-rending spectacle. And we really fear that much of the leanness and want of success in preaching, complained of by ministers, and much of the coldness and declension complained of by our churches, is owing to the want of maintaining a *close walk with God*.

Fourthly, our own comfort will be diminished in proportion as we backslide. It is "the willing and obedient soul" who has the promise of "eating the good of the land." Hear what the life of truth says, "If any man love me he will keep my words, and my father will love him, and we will come and take up our abode with him."

O, what words are these—the triune God dwelling with a poor breathing particle on this terrestrial globe.

The example and testimony of all the primitive saints prove that the happiness of the soul is inseparably connected with obedience to God; and the experience of every true christian corroborates the important truth.—From the few hints suggested, you may see, dear brethren, of how much importance it is that we not only *profess* but *live* religion. God, who has set his glory above the heavens, requires us “to glorify him in our bodies and spirits which are his.” He also in infinite wisdom has so connected our happiness with our duty, that while we are acting with the purest motives for the glory of God, we are at the same time pursuing our own happiness. O, then let us quit ourselves like men—be strong in the Lord, and in the power of *his* might. Let us take to ourselves the whole armor of God, that we may be able to stand against all the wiles of the devil. Let us remember that the honor of the cause which we profess to love is deeply interested in our *living our religion*. Let us evince to the world that the glorious work of which we are making our boast in the Lord is indeed the work of God.

We have seen the enemy in some good measure baffled, and his forces somewhat scattered. But remember, brethren, the Canaanites are not all dead. There are many of them yet lurking not only around, but within us. The devil will rally his legions again, and perhaps Incredibility at the head of them. Tho’ satan may continue sullen awhile, yet like a wild bull in a net, he will again rave and rage. By and by your lusts will rise, your pride will swell, and temptations will pour upon you like a torrent. We do not say these things to damp the joyful, pious feelings of your hearts, but that you may remember that satan desires to have

you that he may sift you as wheat, and that the remembrance thereof may make you watch and pray; and above all, look to the great Captain of your salvation.—Be diffident in yourselves, and dependent on God. Keep humble. Walk softly and be patient. And may the God of all grace stablish you, and build you up in every good word and work.—Amen.”

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CHAPTER II:

Murder of his Mother; Derangement; Sickness; Restoration; Visit to Shaftsbury and Sermon; Half-Brothers; Extract from the Minutes of 1800; Baptism of Mrs. Covell; Farm and Mechanic Shop; Beginning of Missionary effort; Corresponding Letter; Doings of the Anniversary of 1802.

In October of this year, (1799,) Mr. Covell was called to agonize through a trial, that probed his heart to the core. It was the murder of his mother by her third husband. He had long feared the event would ensue, and had several years been solicitous for her to leave her own home in Mapletown, about fourteen miles distant, and come and live with him. He had at last obtained her consent, and the day was named when she should leave her demoniac* husband and trust to the protection of a beloved son. But on arriving at the place of her residence, he found the house filled with people, and his mother a murdered, mangled corpse.

Let no pen attempt to describe the agonizing horrors of that soul wringing moment. What he greatly feared had come upon him, and it bowed him to the earth.— With much effort by kind and sympathizing friends, he was restored from frequent faintings through the day, and in three days was able to take his place with the deep stricken circle of mourners at the solemn funeral.— But he had received a shock beyond the power of human nature to withstand.

* *Demoniac* indeed. He had once been a Baptist preacher, but he had long been silenced, had become profane, irascible and dangerous. He was a fearful example of what it is to be given up to the unrestrained dominion of all the vengeful passions.

As it respected the temper of mind with which he bore the stunning blow, the christian triumphed, even to feeling the spirit of forgiveness toward his diabolical step-father. But as a man he sank. His health failed, he grew moody, absent-minded, prone to reverie, answering questions as though he heard them not, and finally became ravingly delirious. A fever ensued, and his life was in peril many days. During this sickness, in moments of slumber, he would be audibly conversing with his mother, and entreating to go with her, as though that was his all-absorbing feeling. In a few weeks he was measurably restored to health, but he never entirely recovered from the violence of the shock.

He was now situated about twenty miles distant from Shaftsbury, and after his recovery from this exhausting sickness, in company with one of his deacons, Mr. John Rouse, he re-visited this the place of his former residence, and the scenes of his youthful hilarities. His former friends welcomed him to their houses, and thronged to hear him preach. He had indeed become a preacher, but not "a great Presbyterian preacher," as he predicted, but a humble member of the sect which had formerly been so much "spoken against." A friend and younger brother in the ministry with Mr. Covell thus describes one of Mr. Covell's sermons during that visit:

"It was," says he, "at an evening meeting, and in the same neighborhood where he had formerly lived. The words of the text were, 'Which doeth great things.'—Job, ix, part of 10th verse. He commenced the discussion by showing what great things God had done in the works of creation. What greater, in the grand work of redemption. What great things God had done for *us* as a nation. What great things he had done for individuals. And what great things God had done for him. Yes, said he, Covell has found what

great things God can do for the soul. A few years since, and I was here among you, a thoughtless, giddy young man, urging my way downward with fearful rapidity.— But it hath pleased God to make bare the arm of his salvation in my behalf, and rescue me as a brand from the burning; and I stand here before you to-night, a living witness, a happy believer, and humble advocate of the great truths I once despised. And God hath done great things for me of late. A few weeks since, and I was suffering the horrors of delirium, and prostrate on a bed of pain and distress. But God in his great mercy hath rebuked the disease, restored my reason, and given me once more to enjoy the rich blessing of being clothed and in my right mind.” He then closed with a melting exhortation to come and see what great things God had in store for those that love him. “It was,” says the venerable narrator,* “one of the most solemn meetings I ever attended. Silence pervaded the assembly, and the voice of the speaker, instead of being elevated by the intensity of emotion, was lowered to a solemn undertone, scarcely above a whisper, still his words fell thrillingly audible on every ear.”

In the spring succeeding, he removed from his then secluded location, to a more populous part of the town, near the meeting-house, and though his own family was increasing, he took home to his own house three of the four half-brothers, left without father or mother in their boyhood. He provided for them until they found a home among other relatives of a different name. He no longer preached stately with the church in Troy, but was ever desirous to promote their prosperity, and frequently visited them. We find in the Minutes of the Association of this year, (1800,) the following article:

* The Rev. Isaiah Matteson.

"Article 13. On motion of Elders Webb and Covell, voted to recommend to the churches, to lend some assistance to the Baptist church in the village of Troy, towards building a house for divine worship. When we consider that their number at present is small, and consists mostly of females, there being not more than two or three males who can advance anything towards such an undertaking, and at the same time considering that there is a favorable prospect of their society's increasing, if they have a suitable place to meet in, and have preaching most or all of the time—which they might have if they had a house—together with the importance of having the cause of religion built up in that place, we flatter ourselves that our churches will come forward with promptitude, and contribute liberally for so noble a purpose. Would it not be well for each church to circulate a subscription paper in their own vicinity, and let people subscribe lumber, money, or any kind of produce saleable in market, and deliver it to Mr. Silas Covell in Troy, by the first of January next?"

At this session, Mr. Covell preached before the Association from this text: "For to one is given, by the spirit, the word of wisdom, to another the word of knowledge by the same spirit, to another faith by the same spirit." As usual he received several appointments to visit other Associations and destitute and distant churches, also to prepare the Corresponding Letter for the next year, and to superintend the printing of the Minutes.

There was no signal shower of divine grace among his own people, yet the Great Head of the church did not leave his servant without witness of his approbation at home. The order of God's house was maintained, and souls were occasionally being born into the kingdom of God, and coming forward to confess Christ before men. At one of these baptismal seasons, it was Mr.

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Covell's privilege to wait upon the wife of his bosom into the emblematic grave, and to present her the right hand of fellowship as a sister with him in the church, and in the hope and fellowship of the Gospel. Though the solemnities of the occasion are well recollected, it is deemed needless to give either comment or description.

The tenement he rented this year was merely a small house and garden, far too small to satisfy the feelings of one who sought not his own accommodation merely, but delighted to make ample provision for family, kindred, friends, and acquaintance. Accordingly he purchased a larger house and small farm, and commenced occupying the next spring, (1801.) He also commenced working at his trade, and was going prosperously on. His reputation as a blacksmith soon became first rate, and his punctuality proverbial. But to maintain this, he had to make large exactions upon the hours allotted to sleep, and labor long, when his already wearied system needed repose.

The next session of the Association was held at Galway, and he by appointment re-visited and preached to his beloved first flock, the Sabbath before the session. As usual we will make some extracts from their Minutes.

"Article 16. Inasmuch as our beloved brethren, Elder Joseph Craw, and Elder Samuel Rogers have manifested an intention to travel abroad in the course of the present year, for the purpose of visiting and preaching in distant parts of the wilderness, therefore this Association do hereby certify that they are ministers of good report, in good standing with us, and go forth in our fellowship; and as such we recommend them to the favorable notice and encouragement of all good people, wherever they may be disposed to travel to bear the glad tidings of the kingdom of God. And we sincerely pray, that a divine blessing may attend their labors, and crown them with abundant success."

This article is transcribed into our pages for two reasons. First, as a key to show the state of society in the then "*west*." As is common in new countries, there were adventurers of various characters. Among the diversity were some who were a disgrace and annoyance to their species—impostors in the garb of preachers of the Gospel—wolves in sheep's clothing. Of course the people had become suspicious of strangers, and it was needful that the man of character should be furnished with undoubted credentials of his good standing. Second, Mr. Covell being Clerk of the Association, and the one as usual to prepare the Minutes for publication, the article was entirely from his pen, and is one among many instances to show that he had nothing of that spirit about him which makes men unwilling that good should be done by any hands but their own, or that any but themselves should have the name and the praise of doing well. Send, Lord, by whom thou wilt send, was the uniform language of his heart. The subject of missions was taking deeper and deeper root in his heart. Hitherto short journeys and short visits were all that had been found practicable. He felt that a more systematic course of operation was needed. There was one brother, the Rev. Abijah Peck, with whom he privately communed on the subject; and we find the 12th article of the same Minutes (1801,) on this wise: "A proposition was made by brother Covell for raising a fund by contribution, for the purpose of sending missionaries to preach the Gospel in destitute parts of our frontier settlements, and as far as we may have opportunity among the natives of the wilderness. After deliberating largely thereon, the Association unanimously voted to recommend to the churches to take it into mature consideration, and those who are disposed to adopt so benevolent a plan, to signify it in their letters at our next session;

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and likewise to make a liberal contribution and send it forward at the same time to begin said fund, to be entrusted in the hands of such committee or trustees as the Association may appoint to receive the same, and appropriate it to the above use, as they shall from time to time think proper, and to contribute annually for the same, till the churches so contributing shall judge they have sufficient cause to discontinue such contribution."

Here then was the commencement of systematic Missionary effort in this section of the Baptist denomination—or rather this was the first step toward it, the introducing of the holy leaven, which was destined to send the bread of life to perishing thousands; and the names of Covell and Peck may with propriety be enrolled among other venerable names in the history of the origin of American Baptist Home missions.

Agreeably to the appointment of the preceding year, he wrote the Corresponding Letter for this session. We transcribe nearly all.

"The Shaftsbury Association, to the several

Associations with whom we correspond:

Are you in health dear brethren? We trust we do not ask you this question with the perfidious design of a murderous Joab, with the fatal dagger in his hand; but with the glowing affection of *real* brethren—with true friendship in our hearts. Inasmuch as our correspondence loudly proclaims we *are* friends, permit us at this time to offer a few remarks on the *nature and effects of Christian Friendship*. It is not that sordid principle, which inclines the rich in this world to look with affected complaisance on the sons of wealth,—nor that mercenary principle which confines its good will to the hand of benediction. It is not that perfidious principle which pretends great respect for those whom it would gladly employ as instruments; nor that selfish principle which

bestows gifts with the sole design of effecting its own purposes. It is not that party spirit which circumscribes itself to those of its own *cast*; nor that contracted spirit which delights only in those of its own family. It is not that versatile spirit which is easily attracted by new objects, but can retain no lasting attachment to any; nor is it that blind, bigoted spirit which never discovers any imperfection in the object of its delight, and therefore maintains an obstinate attachment, supported merely by predilection; but that friendship which is the subject of this letter; is that divine principle which, by assimilating our souls to the great eternal source of all true friendship, knits and cements them in the most indissoluble union. This is undoubtedly what the apostle means by the unity of the spirit: Eph. iv, 3—by the fellowship of the spirit: Philip. ii, 1—and by that oneness by which Christ is all and in all: Col. iii, 11—but more particularly that *charity* delineated in 1 Cor. xiii. To trace this glorious principle to its exalted source, is a work at once pleasing, interesting and sublime. In this delightful stretch of contemplation, we have the infallible word for our guide. Let us listen a moment to its language. “The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting, or ever the earth was. Then was I before him as one brought up with him. And I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him, rejoicing in the habitable parts of his earth, and my delights were with the sons of men.” “And now Father glorify thou me with the glory which I had with thee before the world was. As thou Father art in me, and I in thee.”

Here we have the most interesting description of true friendship, and are led to see that its true source is in the ever-blessed God, and therefore its nature is heavenly and divine. * * * * *

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Having thus by tracing this heavenly stream to its source, discovered its nature, let us for a moment turn our attention to its blessed effects. * * *

The effects of divine friendship are, a complete reconciliation to God, produced in the hearts of the most obdurate and rebellious sinners, by the powerful operation of divine love shed abroad in their hearts by his holy spirit, by which that enmity of heart is removed, by which they were opposed to God and his law, and full of malice and hatred one against another. Their being united in the delightful bonds of love and fellowship, and mutually engaged to promote each other's good, and that holy communion with God and his people, which every christian enjoys in a greater or smaller degree.—In short, the effects of that glorious principle change the rebel into a loyal and faithful subject, the alien and stranger into a child, and the foreigner into a fellow citizen. It causes the sinner to love the things he once hated, and to hate the things he once loved. It constrains its subjects to unite all their efforts to build up and maintain the visible cause of God in the midst of a sinning world; and to comfort, encourage and edify one another in those things which pertain to his kingdom. Hence we see, dear brethren, that *christian* friendship is the same in nature with that love which dwelt in the bosom of the Father towards his only and beloved son, and is transmitted through him to his people, his bride, who was chosen in him before the world began. We also see that it is the same spirit of union by which the blessed Immanuel dwelt in the bosom of the Father before his works of old, and was daily his delight. That by which the Lord Jesus dwells in his people, and his Father in him—that by which they are made perfect in one. God in Christ, Christ in his people, his people in him. This, dear brethren, is that three-fold cord which

neither life nor death can dissolve. This is that immutable, all powerful principle, which in its progress hath run through all the divine dispensations, and effected all its beneficent purposes in defiance of all opposition.

* * * * *

Let us then, dear brethren, unite our efforts to cultivate union and harmony, while we are passing through this vale of tears, till we arrive in that upper and better world, where *Divine* friendship reigns, in all its unfading glory, and sheds its benign influences on all those happy millions who surround the throne of God and the Lamb forever.

With the utmost pleasure, we receive your messengers and friendly letters, from year to year, and we sincerely desire to continue our correspondence with you. We refer you to our Minutes for an account of the alterations that have taken place since our last, and the present situation of our churches.

Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you, which is the sincere desire and earnest prayer of your affectionate brethren in the bonds and fellowship of the Gospel.

By order of the Association,

CALEB BLOOD, *Moderator,*

LEMUEL COVELL, *Clerk."*

1802. The next anniversary of the Association was held at Pittstown, with Mr. Covell's church. As usual he was clerk and publisher of the Minutes. The body consisted, at this time, of 44 churches, 34 ministers, 4220 communicants. Extracts from the Minutes run thus:

"Article 6. The Circular Letter having failed, brother Covell was appointed to prepare one, and present it tomorrow.

7. The proposition for contributing to the support of a preached gospel in the destitute parts of the wilderness, recommended to the consideration of the churches in our last year's Minutes, was taken into consideration; and as several of the churches have certified their approbation, and sent forward money to carry the same into effect, and as some of the churches seem in suspense for want of sufficient knowledge of the plan by which the application of the money is to be regulated, therefore appointed brethren Blood, Hull, Warren and Barnes, a committee to prepare a plan for that purpose, and present it before the Association rises.

10. Brother Covell who was appointed to prepare a Circular Letter, and the committee appointed to prepare a plan for the regulation of the missionary contribution, presented a plan with the necessary introduction, and requested that it might be printed in place of a Circular—which was agreed to.

The Letter and Plan.

The elders and brethren, met in Association, at Pittstown, June 2 and 3, 1802, to the churches which they represent, send greeting:

Beloved Brethren:—In our last year's Minutes, we recommended to you a proposition for raising money by annual contribution, for the support of the gospel in destitute parts of the wilderness; and whereas, some of the churches have manifested their approbation and sent forward their liberality, while others seem in suspense, and call for further information as to the design of such contribution, and the rules by which it is to be conducted. We therefore think it our duty at this time to give you a particular statement of the design of said contribution, and the rules by which the application of it is to be regulated. And, 1st. The design of the proposition is, to place things in such a situation, as to enable the Asso-

ciation to send able and faithful ministers to preach the gospel, and endeavor to build up the visible cause of the Redeemer in such parts of the United States or the Canadas, as are destitute of gospel privileges, and as far as they can have access among the natives of the wilderness. 2. The design is to prevent, as far as possible, the prevalence of imposture in those parts of the world, and for the better accomplishing of these purposes, the business is to be regulated by the following

P L A N .

1st. A committee of twelve brethren, six ministers and six other brethren, shall be annually chosen, so long as the Association shall judge it expedient to send out missionaries, which committee shall have a Chairman, Clerk and Treasurer, of their number, who shall be chosen at their first meeting after their election. A majority of said committee shall be a quorum to transact business.

2d. The duty of the Committee shall be first, to take charge of the contributions made by the churches for the assistance of the missionaries. Secondly, they shall faithfully examine all candidates for the mission, and recommend such, and only such, as they judge to be pious, able, judicious and experienced ministers of the gospel. Thirdly. When the committee recommend a missionary, they shall determine the time of his mission, and the places where the duties thereof shall be performed, which shall be in new settlements in the United States, or the Canadas, where the inhabitants are destitute of a preached gospel, and cannot obtain it. The missionaries shall keep a fair account of their expenses, during their mission, and make due returns to the committee of the same, together with a journal of their travels. If more money have been furnished to them than they have found necessity for, they shall return the same to the Treasurer of the committee; but if the sum

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advanced has not been sufficient to defray their necessary expenses, such deficiency shall be made up to them, if the state of the funds will admit. Fourthly. The committee shall furnish each missionary with such sum out of the treasury, as they shall judge sufficient to bear his expenses during his tour, and no more, unless the special circumstances of the missionary require some extra consideration,—in which case they shall have a right to act discretionary. Fifthly. The Treasurer shall keep a particular account of all the sums contributed, and of all monies disbursed. And the Clerk shall keep fair records of the proceedings of the committee, both of which shall be annually exhibited to the Association, and published in their Minutes, for the satisfaction of the churches. Sixthly. The committee shall have no fee nor reward for their services. Lastly, this Association shall have a right to alter any of these articles, or make such new ones, at any of their annual meetings, as time and experience shall point out to be for the better. And any church disposed to contribute shall have a right to discontinue their contributions at any time they may think proper, upon giving the reasons of their so doing.

Thus, dear brethren, we have laid before you, our design, and the rules we mean to observe in prosecuting the same, and we must use the freedom to beseech you, with united hearts and hands, to step forward in support of the glorious kingdom of the blessed Immanuel.

We beseech you, brethren, ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be made rich. O let it never be said, that those who have been made partakers of the infinite benevolence of the dear Redeemer, should have so little regard for him, as to grudge to part with a little of their property in support of his cause. O, criminal covetousness! May

the Lord deliver us from it. Finally, let us all unite our efforts, both at home and abroad, with our gifts and our property, to propagate the truth and build up the cause of religion in a sinning world. And may the Author of all true benevolence, so instruct and influence our hearts, that we may be willing to spend and be spent in his cause. And may his holy spirit crown our feeble efforts with abundant success, to the praise and glory of his grace, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

"11th. Pursuant to the first article of said plan, the following brethren were chosen a committee for the purposes therein mentioned, viz: Elders Peck, Blood, Webb, Hull, Craw and Covell,—and Deacons Rouse, Matteson, Brewster, Carpenter, Green and Stillwell."

Note at the close of the Minutes.

"The Committee appointed to superintend the missionary contributions, beg leave hereby to inform the churches and all good people who may be disposed to contribute for so laudable a purpose, that they have appointed deacon John Rouse of Pittstown, their Treasurer, to receive such contributions, and keep a true account of the same. This will be published in our Minutes, next year; therefore, if any churches, or individuals, on seeing our plan, should feel disposed to contribute for its encouragement, they can convey the money to him, at any time hereafter, and he will give proper credit for the same. And said committee further beg leave to recommend to all who feel interested in the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom, to cast in their mites to promote the same. This committee have appointed to meet at brother Faring Wilson's, in West Stockbridge, the day before the next meeting of the Association, at 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of receiving the returns of missionaries, the accounts of the

Clerk and Treasurer, the contributions, and of making out their report to the Association.

By order of the Committee,

CALEB BLOOD, *Moderator.*

LEMUEL COVELL, *Clerk."*

Elder Blood of Shaftsbury volunteered to go as a missionary, a few weeks, his ministering brethren meanwhile supplying his pulpit, so that his people need suffer no more than their equal share of privation. This was the rule adopted and followed out by the Association in all similar cases.



CHAPTER III.

Reflections; Temporal Embarrassment; Brotherly-kindness; Doings of the Anniversary of 1803; His first mission to Upper Canada; Return; Hymn; Birth of only Son; Doings of the Anniversary of 1804; Partition of the Shaftsbury Association, to form that of the Saratoga; Rev. Abijah Peck; Request to publish Missionary Narrative.

Delightful indeed would be the task of tracing the course of those whom God hath called to minister in holy things, were they never found engaged in any service but that of the altar. But they, like other men, are of the earth earthy, and sometimes they find, or deem they find occasion to be occupied with earthly interests. They have the same passions as other men, and sometimes stoop to the common ambition of seeking earthly treas-

ure. These passions of the human heart, opaque in their nature, or having become so by defilement of sin, if not kept in subjection by that principle which makes us, to the full extent of the command, "seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness," rise up, and as they gain the ascendancy, exclude from our view the superior advantages of relying solely on the promise of God. The *preacher* is also *man*. The love of *family* is in him, to say nothing of the love of *gain*. In common with others he is a pilgrim on the earth, and must gain subsistence for himself and those dependent upon him, as he passes along. He is journeying to the celestial city, and his direct course lies through the valley of humiliation. But ranging along in close proximity the mountain of care presents to his view, multitudes, traversing its elevated paths, and ascending its lofty eminences. All are eager to secure, as they pass, the varied and tempting inducements of the way. He sees many succeed, accumulate treasure, and provide for their heirs with the fruits of their labor. He, too, is tempted to try. He commences, toils, ascends, surmounts unlooked for obstacles, and urges on his arduous way, in spite of all impediments. But in all his anxious progress, he finds with pain, "'t was distance lent enchantment to the view," and hid the thorns and roughnesses. No conscious approbation of his God and king sustains him in his dark foreboding hours, or gives him solace in perplexity and fatigue. But an inward voice is heard, saying, "who hath required this at your hand?" Have I not said that they which minister at the altar, shall live of the things of the altar? Therefore, take no tho't for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on. Do not I know that ye have need of all these things? "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and

all these things shall be added unto you." Struck with the rebuke of the Holy Spirit, he sees, he feels the folly and ingratitude of his course, and covered with wounds and bruises, he penitently returns to the path of understanding, seeks the balm in Gilead, and is healed of his hurt, finding the truth of his master's saying, "in the world ye shall have tribulation but in me ye shall have peace."

Mr. Covell soon found by experiment, that the complicated burthen of farming, blacksmithing, pastoral duty, frequent and imperious calls from various distances, more than he was able to sustain. Something must be sacrificed, but that something must not be his devotedness to the cause of his beloved Savior. The language of his heart was, "If I forget *thee* O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember *thee*, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Hitherto he had labored at his anvil alone, but now, he built a larger shop, hired a head workman, with others to assist him, and thus measurably released himself from the duties of the forge. But from that date his prosperity declined.—Though his business was enlarged, and his credit increasing, still the eye of the master was necessarily much of the time wanting among his concerns, and the consequence was, business was not conducted with that correctness, economy and faithfulness, requisite to make it profitable. By this mechanical department of his operations, he eventually suffered much loss.

During this period of worldly care, his sympathies, as a brother, were again called forth by the affliction of a beloved [half] sister. Like him she had been deeply stricken by the *manner* of their dear mother's death, and her surcharged spirit had drooped like the flowers of the field. She had just begun to revive from the long

melancholy,—had been recently married, and was looking forward with rational ground of hope, when suddenly her prospects were darkened, her hopes buried in the grave, by the drowning of her husband in the waters of Hoosic River. Mr. Covell immediately rode up to Mapletown, attended the funeral, and adjusted the affairs of his deceased brother-in-law, and brought his bereaved sister to his own house. There, in the bosom of his family, she found a welcome and a home, until in after years she was married the second time. Indeed his house was ever the home of his brethren, his kindred according to the flesh.

1803. The next session of the Association was attended at West-Stockbridge, Berkshire Co. Massachusetts. Article 7th of their Minutes:—"The committee charged with the missionary concerns reported, that during the year past, \$34,98 had been contributed. That they had employed Elder Blood in a mission of ten weeks, through the country from Cayuga to the head of Lake Ontario. That he had received \$30, and expended but \$22,34 on his said mission. That he had made a particular and circumstantial report of his travels and labors, and the apparent hope of doing good, by sending missionaries into those parts. From which the committee conclude there is ample encouragement to continue our exertions to spread light and truth in the infant settlements of our States, and among the poor savages.—Voted that this Association do cordially approve of the doings of our said committee, and of the labors of our beloved brother Blood, and do heartily concur with them in opinion respecting further exertions of the same kind.

Resolved, That brother Blood be allowed to retain the balance remaining in his hands of the money he received of the committee.

Resolved, That this Association will continue to do all in their power to encourage the missionary business,

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and for this purpose appoint Elders Peck, Blood, Webb, Hull, Crow, and Covell,—Deacons Rouse, Curtis, Matteson, Coman, Upham, and brother Jacob Ford, a committee to superintend the missionary concerns for the present year.

Article 16. Query from the 4th church in Shaftsbury: Is it just and equal, to fix it as an article in the plan of sending missionaries, that they shall bear all the burden of their missions, except the unavoidable expenses of travelling?

Resolved, That for the future we will leave it to the discretion of the committee, to allow the missionary such compensation for his services as they shall think proper, and report to the Association annually for their satisfaction—anything in our plan or constitution to the contrary notwithstanding.

In this, as in every session of the Association, much was required at the hand of Mr. Covell, and various were the appointments he was called to accept. He was still clerk of the missionary committee, and of the Association, and continued to be so, so long as he lived. Preparing the Minutes for publication and forwarding them to the churches, also uniformly devolved upon him. We gather still further from the Minutes. And first, by counting the accredited sums which the churches sent in to the mission fund this year, we find \$78,94. The committee in their report, speak only of what they had received up to the time of this convening of the Association. Of course what was now remitted by the various delegates would be included in the report of next year. Light was breaking in, churches were awakening to a sense of their responsibilities, and beginning to respond to the sentiment, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, to send forth more laborers into his harvest."—Elder Covell and Elder Warren were now selected, or rather indulged, to leave all for Christ's sake, and go

forth bearing the word of life to those who sat in the region and shadow of death.

Article 20. Voted, That our next meeting be at the Baptist meeting-house in Clifton Park. Appointed brother Covell to preach the introductory sermon, and in case of his failure, brother Hull. The Missionary Committee are to meet at Elder Peck's, the day before the meeting of the Association.

23. Voted the Rev. Mr. Ayer and his congregation the thanks of this Association, for the use of their meeting-house, and other expressions of politeness at this session. Appointed Elders Worden, Blood, Covell and brother J. Ford, a committee to wait on Mr. Ayer and present the same.

On the 23d of August, Mr. Covell commenced his contemplated tour. Deep must have been the love he bore his Savior, and strong the desires he felt, that the new settlements should be crowned with altars to the living God, or he could not thus have voluntarily foregone so much that makes life dear to man. By leaving his business he must suffer pecuniary loss; a companion justly endeared to him, was in precarious health; his children standing in daily need of his instruction and care; his people warmly attached to him, esteeming no preaching equal to his own, with many other considerations of usefulness, all conspiring to retain his feelings, and secure his presence at home. But what is even home, wife, children, business, friends or personal convenience, to one whose soul is filled with burning desire to proclaim the riches of God's free grace to a perishing world? He confided all these endearing interests to the care of that Redeemer whose grace had touched his heart, and whose providence had called him to go far hence unto the Gentiles. Cheerful was his obedience to the heavenly vision. The term of his appointment was

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limited to three months, and after having visited the extent of the tour proposed, he set his face for home; but finding on his return route, calls and work that he deemed it a duty not to leave unattended to, he prolonged his mission to upwards of four months. On the evening of Friday, the last of December, he arrived at home. The Sabbath following was an intensely cold day, but the news of his arrival had somewhat spread, and considering the severity of the weather, many attended the meeting for public worship. He gave a succinct account of his tour and success, and at the close of the usual exercises, he remarked, that possibly some might be suffering from the inclemency of the weather, and he would give opportunity for any to retire that wished to, but if any felt disposed to remain for the purpose of hearing an Indian song, cold as he was himself, he would endeavor to give them one he had found in his absence. Not an individual left the house, and he sang in a clear and thrilling tone,

THE TRIUMPHS OF GRACE IN THE WILDERNESS.*

From realms where the day her first dawns extends,
The Son of the gospel, in glory ascends!
Ye forests attend, while your children combine
In accents unusual, in transports divine.

Involv'd in uncertainty, darkness and death,
The clouds of destruction hung over our path,
Till yon rising splendor enlightened our way,
And pointed our steps to the regions of day.

A council, on high, has been held, to enquire
For help for mankind; and peace kindled the fire.
Provision is made for the nations distress'd;
And with the rich treasure, all lands shall be bless'd.

* By the writer, and other of Mr. Covell's intimate acquaintance, he is supposed himself to be the author of this hymn. If this opinion be erroneous, we would be happy to have it corrected.

The chain of salvation, let down from above,
Cemented by justice, and brightened by love:
The safety of hope, the conductor of grace,
Joins heaven and earth in its mighty embrace.

On high see our Jesus, the penitent's friend,
With banners of mercy, compassionate bend;
Inviting the wretched, rebellious and vile,
From ruin to flee, and repose in his smile.

The Prince of Salvation is coming, prepare
A way in the desert, his blessings to share:
He comes to relieve us from sins and from woes,
And bid the dark wilderness bud like the rose.

His reign shall extend from the east to the west,
Compose all the tumults of nature to rest,
The day-spring of glory illumines the skies,
And ages on ages of happiness rise.

The brute-hearted tempers of men shall grow tame,
The wolf and the lion lie down with the lamb;
The bear with the kine shall contentedly feed,
While children their young ones, in harmony lead.

The serpent shall dart all his venom in vain,
The rattle-snake, harmless, shall bask on the plain;
The infant shall play on the hole of the asp,
And, smiling, the folds of the cockatrice grasp.

No more shall the sound of the war-whoop be heard,
The ambush and slaughter, no longer be fear'd;
The tomahawk, buried, shall rust in the ground,
While peace and good will to the nations abound.

All spirit of war, to the gospel shall bow,
The bow lie, unstrung, at the tail of the plough;
To prune the young orchards, the spear shall be bent;
And love greet the world with a smile of content.

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Slight tinctures of skin shall no longer engage,
The fury of jealousy, murder and rage;
The white and the red shall, in friendship be join'd,
Wide spreading benevolence over mankind.

Hail! scene of felicity, transport and joy!
Where sin and vexation shall scarcely annoy:
Rich blessings of grace, from above, shall be giv'n,
And life only serve for a passage to heav'n!

Roll forward, dear Savior, roll forward the day,
When all shall submit and rejoice in thy sway:
When white men and Indians, united in praise,
One vast hallelujah, triumphant, shall raise!

As the news of his return circulated, people poured in from all directions. Some to see a beloved friend and pastor, they had feared, from his protracted absence, was lost to them forever. Some to learn the success of the holy enterprize; and some to look upon a man that had performed such a wondrous journey,—and what to some seemed more wondrous still, that he had been in the midst of the Indians, and had returned unharmed.—While the tide of congratulation was yet flowing, a new occasion of rejoicing occurred,—the birth of a son, an only son. Much solicitude had been felt on this subject by many of Mr. Covell's friends. Hitherto his children had been daughters. Many had long been desirous to see one in the likeness of their beloved pastor, and now that their wish was gratified their joy was unbounded.—Neither was this event without its wonted effect on Mr. Covell's own mind. It was a new and powerful tie to bind him to the earth, and perhaps no father ever more intensely felt the endearing fetters twine about his heart. But still the *christian* triumphed over the *man*, and he still held himself as ready to do the bidding of his Lord and master as though he had stood lonely and isolate in

all the earth. To leave his family and suffer his business to decline, was at any time trying to his natural feelings, but he felt as did David, that he would not sacrifice to God of that which cost him nothing. He was doubtless permitted to take the eagle's wing, and from some exalted point of contemplation to survey the grand scheme of human redemption as it included man in all ages and through all time. With the solicitude of a yearning heart, he glanced his eye over the yet ungathered multitudes of every nation, tribe and tongue on all the face of the earth. And O, to bear some humble part in the agency of redeeming these precious millions to God, was worthy any sacrifice in his power to make. He who had said, "*leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let your widows trust in me,*" had manifested himself a covenant keeping God, and that was sufficient whenever the occasion might require.

The rolling months soon brought the increasingly interesting anniversary, and according to appointment Mr. Covell preached the introductory sermon, from Prov. xxiv, 30—34: "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well; I looked upon it and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth; and thy want as an armed man."

Article 8th of the Minutes says, "The committee charged with missionary affairs, reported, that during the year past, they have received ninety-nine dollars and twenty-two cents, including the surplus in the fund at our last session—that they had employed brother Warren of Salem, and brother Covell of Pittstown, in a mission

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through the western country, from Cayuga to Long Point, on the north side of lake Erie, in the Province of Upper Canada. That brother Warren had spent upwards of three, and brother Covell upwards of four months on said mission, for which the committee had voted them fifty dollars each. That brother Covell had made a particular and circumstantial report of their travels and labors, and the prospect of success attending our exertions in those parts. And in particular, that in the town of Charlotteville, at Long Point, in Upper Canada, they baptized thirty persons, and gave them fellowship as a church in sister relation, and that the said church had sent a letter by them to the Association, desiring to be received into their connection, and to be visited by their ministers as often as possible, and that missionary labors may be continued in that Province.— And likewise, that a very large number of the inhabitants of that Province had sent by them a written request that a permanent mission might be established in those parts. And furthermore, that there is great appearance of benefit resulting from labors of missionaries among the savages, especially, the Tuscarora and Seneca tribes, where brother E. Holmes has been laboring for some time with a good degree of success, and that the chiefs of the Tuscarora tribe had sent by them a friendly “talk” in writing, to the Shaftsbury Association, thanking them for the notice they had taken of the nations of their color, and expressing their wishes for further instruction. From all which the Committee unanimously conclude that the prospect of advancing the Redeemer’s kingdom in those portions of the wilderness is greatly brightened since our last report, and therefore, that there is not only additional encouragement, but a loud call for us to continue and increase our exertions in the missionary business.

Resolved, unanimously, That this Association do

cordially approve of the doings of our committee, and the labors of our brethren, Warren and Covell, as reported, and do heartily concur with them in opinion, that God in his providence, is loudly calling on us to continue and increase our exertions for the further promotion of the Gospel in those parts.

9. Therefore resolved, That we will do all in our power to encourage the missionary cause, and for this purpose we do appoint Elders Peek, Blood, Webb, Hull, Craw, and Covell, with brethren, Rouse, Upham, Daniel Rogers, Hendrix, Salmon Child, and Francis Choat, a committee to superintend the missionary business the ensuing year.

10. Called on brother Covell to read the letter from the church at Long Point, and the talk, from the chiefs of the Tuscaroras, alluded to in the foregoing report, and a speech delivered by him to the said Indians, which he accordingly did.

11. Voted to comply with the request of the church at Long Point, by receiving them into our connection, to be known in our Minutes by the name of the Baptist church of Christ at Charlotteville. It was also thought proper to send an answer to the talk from the Tuscaroras, and also to the letter from the church at Charlotteville, and the people in that Province.

The amount of missionary monies sent in by the churches at this session, together with some donations on the spot was \$91,03½.

The committee charged with missionary affairs, have agreed to invite the liberality of their christian friends, and the public generally, for the encouragement of so noble and important an undertaking as that of spreading the gospel, and inculcating its maxims among the poor natives of the wilderness, and the destitute inhabitants of infant settlements. And for this purpose have directed their Clerk to furnish a number of subscription papers, not only to the members of said committee, but to such other brethren or gentlemen as may feel disposed to

unite their efforts in so laudable an undertaking, and to see that whatever monies are collected, by such subscription papers, or by private donations, are delivered to Deacon J. Rouse of Pittstown, the Treasurer of this committee, on or before the day next preceding the next meeting of the Association; and that credit is duly given to all who cast in their mites, either by way of subscription or private donation. The said committee have appointed to meet at the house of Daniel Noble Esq., at Hoosic Falls, the day before the next session of the Association, for the purpose of receiving such donations as may be presented, examining the reports of their Clerk and Treasurer, receiving the reports of missionaries, and doing whatever may be thought necessary in pursuance of the duties of their office.

By order of the Committee

LEMUEL COVELL, *Clerk.*

Mr. Covell had proposed to have the Association divided, some years before, but the matter had been left for the consideration of the churches until now.

"Article 17. Took up the question respecting a division of the Association, and after mutual consultation,

Resolved, Considering the local situation of our churches, the distance that many must travel to attend our meetings, the vast expense attending the meeting of so great a number in one place, and that a majority of the churches have expressed a wish to have it divided, therefore if any number of the churches are disposed to form an Association by themselves in the course of the present year, and give notice thereof at our next meeting, they will have our fellowship in so doing.

At the request of a number of the delegates present, Voted, to publish in our Minutes that a convention will be held at the meeting-house of the First Church in Milton, Saratoga County, for the purpose of conferring on the formation of an Association on the west side of Hudson River, on the second Wednesday in August

next, at 10 o'clock A. M. Three churches were added to the body at this session, the one at Troy, which now numbered forty-one, with Elder Webb for their pastor, the one at Lansingburgh, and the one at Charlotteville, Upper Canada. The whole number was now forty-eight. Their ordained ministers were,

James Pettite,* 1 Canaan; Elisha Barns, 2 Canaan; Job Champion, Chatham; Peter Worden, 1 Cheshire; John Leland,* Aaron Seamer,* Josiah Godard,* Seth Jones,* 2 Cheshire; Asa Todd,* Chesterfield; Jehial Fox, Chester; Abijah Peck, Clifton Park; Jeduthun Gray, Great Barrington; Thomas Purrinton, Hadley; Clark Rogers,* Hancock; Amasa Brown, Hartford; Abel Brown, East-Hillsdale; Wm. Throop, Kingsborough; Elisha Langworthy, Lansingburgh; Hezekiah Gorton, Mayfield; Joseph Cornell, Jonathan Nichols, Milton; Elias Lee, Ballston Springs; E. Smith, Partridgefield; J. H. Ellice, Northumberland; L. Covell, 1 Pittstown; S. Hunt, 2d Pittstown; J. Finch, Providence; J. Hartwell, Sandisfield; J. Craw, Saratoga; S. Olmstead, Schodack; I. Matteson, 1st Shaftsbury; C. Blood, 2d Shaftsbury; Justus Hull, A. Baker, Berlin; Isaac Webb, Troy; D. Stark, Williamstown.

This was the last time they ever all assembled as members of the same body. The proposed convention at Milton was attended, and another at Galway, the January following; the results of which were, a seceding of several churches from the parent body, and a new organization, called the Saratoga Baptist Association.—All the churches west of the Hudson, excepting the one at Clifton Park, were incorporated into the new body. At their first session, they numbered 15 churches and 8 ministers. Elder Covell and several other ministers from the parent body met with them. Elder Covell preached with them from John i, 17: "For the law was

* Those with this mark* were not present.

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given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." He received several appointments from them, to visit other Associations with which they wished to open a correspondence, and finally was gratified with the following vote, recorded in the 15th section of their Minutes.

"Voted to recommend to the churches that they continue to contribute for the missionary cause, and forward their donations to the Shaftsbury Association, at their next session, by Elders Craw, Barber, and Finch."

As has been said, the church at Clifton Park did not unite with the new Association. Elder A. Peck, the pastor, did not wish to be separated from the precious band of brethren, with whom his soul had drunk such long and deep communion. Neither did his Shaftsbury brethren feel that they could yet spare him, as he was one of the most efficient members of the Missionary Board. The seceding churches also, on the same principle of preserving the concentration of missionary effort, concurred in the arrangement, so that the perfect harmony which had hitherto subsisted remained unimpaired.—The mission spirit had become a bond of perfect union, and to Mr. Peck, his dear brother Covell was dearest of all. From his hand, he had received ordination; with him he had set in deep absorbing counsel since the first formation of the missionary committee, and their hearts were knit together like those of David and Jonathan.—True, their lots were differently appointed. While one was called to go out and do valiantly for the Lord of hosts, the other was stationed to abide by the staff. And most nobly has he performed his stewardship, defended the truth at home, and by his munificent donations, sent out the word of life to thousands. While nearly all his former brethren have fallen around him, he still survives and still proclaims the unsearchable riches of Christ Jesus to poor dying men.

Returning to our date of 1804, and the doings of that session, we note further, that Elder Gorton, of Mayfield, was appointed missionary for this year, on the same route Mr. Covell took the year before.

When the brethren came to hear the verbal account of Mr. Covell's mission, they were importunate with him, that he should publish his narrative, deeming that it would promote the blessed cause. Perhaps this will be as appropriate a place as any, for its insertion. It is rendered verbatim and entire.

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CHAPTER IV.

"A Narrative of a Missionary Tour through the Western Settlements of the State of New-York, and into the south-western parts of the Province of Upper Canada: Performed by *Lemuel Covell*, of Pittstown, in company with Elder *Obed Warren*, of Salem, in the Fall of 1803: With an Appendix, containing several Speeches to and from the Indians.

TO THE CANDID READER.

Being frequently called upon to give a statement of the occurrences of my missionary tour with Elder Warren, and of the reception we met with in general; and being desirous of giving all the information in my power, that might afford any satisfaction to those who feel interested in the spread of the gospel and the enlargement of the Redeemer's kingdom—I concluded to publish a concise narrative of our travels, believing that such a narrative would be best calculated to give the desired information. I made known my mind on the subject to Elder Warren, my fellow traveller, and desired him to unite with me in the publication. He assured me that he would gladly unite with me in the performance, if it was in his power; but that his arrangements were such as would render it very inconvenient for him. For some time after this, I determined not to publish anything on the subject—fearing that the circumstance of my doing it separately, might be considered as the effect of arrogance, and be productive of unhappy consequences. But the repeated solicitations of a great number of my Christian friends, have occasioned a serious review of the subject. I have endeavored to weigh every circumstance

with as much candor as I am capable of; and, upon mature reflection, I can see no just reason why any should censure me for publishing what is really true—provided it can be, in any degree, beneficial to those who wish well to the cause of Christ, or in anywise subservient to the upbuilding of his kingdom. Whether these effects will attend the subsequent narrative, or not, depends entirely on the will of the Great Disposer of all things; and to Him I am heartily willing to submit the issue. That it may be, in some degree, useful to the lovers of mankind, and subservient to the cause of the Redeemer, is the sincere desire of

The Public's devoted Servant,

LEMUEL COVELL.

Pittstown, July 28th, 1804.

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A NARRATIVE, &c.

On Monday, the 22d of August, Elder Warren arrived at my house, and at 5 o'clock P. M. preached a sermon at our meeting-house, from 1 Thess. v, 25. He had unfortunately taken a very heavy cold a few days before he set out from home, which so affected his lungs, that it was with great difficulty he could speak so as to be heard distinctly.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 23d, we set off from my house on our journey, and at 4 in the P. M., arrived at the Baptist meeting-house, in Clifton Park, where brother Warren preached a sermon on the benefits and pleasures of wearing the yoke of Christ. After sermon we went home with Elder Peck, and spent the evening in a very agreeable manner, and I believe for edification.

Wednesday, 24th—We rode about 30 miles, to Mr. Nicholas Rouse's, at Cobuskill, where we tarried all night.

Thursday, 25th—Rode to Wooster, a town to the south of Cherry-Valley, in the county of Schoharie.—This town is but newly settled, and the people very destitute of gospel privileges. There is a small Baptist church there; but they have no ordained minister. In the afternoon I preached a sermon to them: they seemed really rejoiced at our coming to visit them, and very desirous of the privileges of the gospel ministry. After preaching, we had a very pleasing interview with a number of the brethren, who stayed for some conversation. At evening, we went home with Deacon French, where we spent the night. I think, considering the des-

titute situation of these brethren, and their anxiety for maintaining a Christian travail, they are entitled to the assistance of such churches and ministers as have it in their power to lend them assistance; and, especially, to the notice of missionaries.

Friday, 26th—In the afternoon we rode, accompanied by Deacon French, and several of the brethren, to Cherry-Valley, where we heard a Mr. Farley, an open communion Baptist, preach. After his discourse was ended, the people seemed very desirous that one of us should give them a sermon. There was a person to be baptized, and we concluded, if time would permit, to comply with their request, after the administration of the ordinance. We repaired to the water, Mr. Farley administered the ordinance and the people returned to the house, in order to hear preaching. Brother Warren being still afflicted with hoarseness, desired me to preach. I delivered a short discourse, from Rom. v, 1. Here we found a number of brethren of the open communion order, some of them very zealous and devotional. It was proposed to hold a religious conference this evening, to which all parties consented. We went and took supper with a Mr. Waldo, a Presbyterian brother, who treated us with the utmost civility, and refreshed us in a very hospitable manner. In the evening we repaired to the place appointed for conference, and had a very agreeable interview in religious conversation, prayer, and singing praises to the great Author of all things, and source of every blessing.

Saturday, 27th—We pursued our journey, intending to ride, this day, as far as Exeter. Part of the way we had the company of Mr. Farley, and some of his brethren, who were returning to Richfield, the place of their residence. We had considerable discourse with them, as we rode together, respecting their religious opinions,

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especially that of open communion. When we parted with them, we agreed that one of us would preach with them on Monday next, at 4 in the afternoon. This evening we arrived at Deacon Hodge's, in Exeter. Deacon Hodge and his wife were formerly members of the church with brother Warren: they were much overjoyed to see us, and entertained us in a Christian-like manner.

Lord's-day, 28th—Brother Warren preached in Deacon Hodge's neighborhood, and I rode about 6 miles, and preached with Elder Palmer's people, in Exeter, he being absent. Here I met with a number of my former acquaintance and brethren: we enjoyed mutual pleasure in seeing each other, and had a happy season in social worship. I preached with them twice in the day time, and once at evening.

Monday, 29th—At 10 o'clock A. M., I preached at a school-house, near Deacon Hodge's, and after sermon baptized a woman. Here brother Warren met me, and after dinner we rode to Richfield, accompanied by Elder Tayler, of Burlington, Deacon Hodge, and a number of others, to meet with Mr. Farley, and his people. I preached a sermon to them in the afternoon, and brother Warren in the evening. After the evening sermon, we went home with Esq. Jeffords, and took lodgings.

Tuesday, 30th—We rode, accompanied by Elder Tayler, to Elder Vining's, in Litchfield. Elder Vining and his wife were greatly rejoiced to see us. Brother Warren preached in the neighborhood this afternoon. At evening we rode about 3 miles, to a school-house, where I preached to a pretty large assembly, who had collected upon very short notice. This was a time to be remembered with gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. After worship, brother Warren went home with Elder Vining, and I stayed in the neighborhood.—We parted this evening, in order to take different routes,

and agreed to meet the next Monday, at Cazenovia.—

Wednesday, 31st—I rode to Utica, where I preached in the evening. After sermon, had conversation with a Mr. Hubbell, who was desirous of being baptized. It was agreed to attend on the administration of the ordinance the next morning.

Thursday, Sept. 1st—At 6 in the morning the people collected, and I baptized brother Hubbell. Same day rode to Mr. Benjamin Brayton's in Trenton; went to see a Mr. Bull, with whom I had some business, and returned to Mr. Brayton's, and took lodgings for the night.

Friday, 2d—Returned to Utica, and preached in the evening.

Saturday, 3d—Rode to Paris, and preached at 11 o'clock, A. M. In the afternoon rode to Esq. Payne's, at Hamilton, and took lodging for the night.

Lord's-day, 4th—This day and evening I preached two sermons with the people in Hamilton, and had a most agreeable visit with Elder Hosmer and his brethren.

Monday, 5th—Rode to Cazenovia; found brother Warren preaching to a number of brethren, with great freedom, and the assembly deeply affected. After preaching, we had some conversation with some of them, concerning their situation. There is a church in this place, but they are few and weak, and destitute of a minister. They informed us that they were laboring under some embarrassments, on account of a labor they had taken with one of their members, which issued in his excommunication: that after he was excommunicated, he and a few disaffected members, had called a council, and complained to them against the church: that the said council had condemned the church, without giving them a hearing; and that the church were dissatisfied with the doings of said council, and wanted to be advised how to proceed. We advised them to send for a council

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of ministers and brethren, and to invite the former council to attend the meeting, and see if matters could be brought to an accommodation. They agreed to hearken to our advice, agreed on a time for the meeting of said council, and invited us to attend it on our return—to which we agreed. In the afternoon we rode about two miles, to a school-house, where I preached a sermon to the people. After sermon, we went home with Deacon Covell, and spent the night.

Tuesday, 6th—We rode together as far as Pompey, where we parted, to meet again on Thursday, at the Salt-Works, at Onondaga. This afternoon I rode alone to Esq. Lamb's, in Pompey-Hollow, where I was most cordially received, and kindly entertained. There are a number of scattered brethren in this place, who are destitute of gospel privileges. I staid and preached with them this evening, and lodged at Esq. Lamb's. I was really affected to see a number of brethren, some of whom I had been acquainted with, in a destitute, scattered situation, thirsting for a preached gospel, and none to administer it to them.

Wednesday, 7th—I rode to the widow Jerom's, on Pompey-Hill, where I preached in the afternoon, and tarried all night. In this neighborhood, likewise, the people are destitute of a preacher, and some of them very desirous of enjoying gospel privileges.

Thursday, 8th—Rode to the Salt-Works, in Onondaga, where I met with brother Warren. At this place there is little or no attention paid to religion; but the people, generally speaking, lead a very immoral, and some of them a very dissipated life. There were a few individuals, however, who seem, at least, *willing* to invite ministers to preach, when they call to visit them. They invited us to preach—we consented—in the evening the people collected, and I gave them a sermon. Whether

it was for the sake of a novelty, or some other reason, I cannot say; but the people pretty generally came out this evening to hear preaching, and gave pretty good attention. I think missionaries would do well to visit them; for if they have no great relish for preaching, they certainly need it.

Friday, 9th.—We rode to Col. Lawrence's, in Marcellus. In this town they have no settled preacher. There are some Baptist brethren, but the greater part are Presbyterians. Elder Warren preached in the evening, and they were very desirous that one of us should tarry with them over the Sabbath. After conferring between ourselves, we concluded to gratify them—Elder Warren concluded to go as far as Aurelius, and I consented to stay with the people in Marcellus.

Saturday, 10th.—Brother Warren left me, and I went and made a visit with some brethren in the western part of Onondaga. There is no church in this place, but a number of brethren, who live remote from any place of stated worship, and keep up meetings every Sabbath among themselves. They are destitute of preaching, unless some minister visits them occasionally, which is not very often the case. I spent the day in visiting them and preached with them in the evening.

Lord's-day, 11th.—Preached twice with the people at Marcellus, and in the evening rode to Capt. Hatch's, in Aurelius, where I preached a sermon, and stayed all night. The people in this neighborhood are destitute of stated preaching.

Monday, 12th.—I rode to Elder Irish's, who lives in a part of the town of Aurelius, and at 4 in the afternoon, preached with his people. After sermon, returned to his house for lodgings. Here I again met with brother Warren. This evening was rendered peculiarly agreeable, by the company of a number of brethren in the

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ministry, who happened, providentially to meet us at Elder Irish's. We had a long conference in the evening, upon the state of religion in this part of the western world, and received information concerning some matters of difficulty in the church at Scipio, which had occasioned a division in said church. After a lengthy conference, we agreed to attend a council at Scipio, on our return.

Tuesday, 13th—We rode, accompanied by Elder Seba Norton, to the town of Phelps, which lies about 15 miles west of the Cayuga lake. We put up at the widow Oaks', and I preached a sermon in the evening to a few people, who came together upon very short notice. We are now in a part of the country, where, generally speaking, the people are very destitute of preaching, and many of them very desirous to hear it. The people in this neighborhood were very anxious that one of us should stay and preach with them the next day. Brother Warren, finally concluded to stay.

Wednesday, 14th—I left brother Warren, and rode to Bloomfield, and put up at brother Lyon's, where I had a most precious time in preaching to a small assembly, who collected on very short notice. There is a Baptist church in this place, who have a settled minister, by the name of Gooden, a very fine man; but the members of the church live very scattering, or, at least, many of them live remote from their place of meeting.

Thursday, 15th—I had a very agreeable visit with a number of the members of the church, and with some persons who appeared to be under serious awakenings.—In the afternoon I preached with them; and in the evening rode back about four miles and preached at Esq. Jemison's, in Canandaigua, who is a very respectable member of a Baptist church, which is destitute of stated preaching. Here I met with brother Warren. We

spent the night together at brother Jemmison's, and the next morning rode to brother Lyon's, at Bloomfield, where we spent the day in the most agreeable manner, with the family, and some others who came in to see us. In the evening we went to a house where brother Warren had appointed to preach. We found a pretty large assembly collected. Brother Warren preached a most excellent sermon: after him, I delivered a discourse.—They sat with great patience, and many of them, seemingly, with pleasure. This was a solemn meeting. In this place we discovered that the Lord was carrying on his work of grace, in the conversion of sinners.

Saturday, 17th—This morning, very early, a brother Chapman called, to inform us that a young man at his house had obtained a hope of the pardon of his sins, the day before. He seemed almost overcome with joy, and insisted on our calling to see the young man before we left the place. After offering up solemn prayer to God, for his protection and blessing, we took an affectionate leave of brother Lyon and his family, and went home with brother Chapman; where we found the young man, and a number of brethren, who had collected on his account, praising and magnifying the Lord for his goodness; while several young people were much affected with a sense of their sins. This was a solemn, joyful season. Oh! How beautiful the work of the Lord appears! "Well may we praise him: all his works are perfect." After some time spent in conversation, we commended them to God by solemn prayer; and, after exhorting them to continue steadfast in the faith, took leave of them, and pursued our journey as far as Charleston, where brother Warren stopped, in order to spend the Sabbath, and I proceeded as far as Elder Firman's, in Hartford, on the Genesee river—who received me joyfully; and we spent the evening with peculiar pleasure, in religious conversation.

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Lord's-day, 18th—This day I preached two sermons with Elder Firman's people, in two different places; and at evening brother Warren arrived, and preached in the same neighborhood.

Monday, 19th—We left Elder Firman's, crossed the Genesee river, and rode together to a small settlement, called Ganson's settlement; where brother Warren stopped to preach in the evening, and I rode alone to Batavia, a small village, about 24 miles west of Genesee river; where I preached in the evening, and stayed all night.

Tuesday, 20th—Brother Warren arrived about eleven o'clock in the morning; and about 1 in the afternoon, we set off to ride through what is called the Eighteen-Mile Woods. We had not proceeded far, before it began to rain. This was the first time we had any rain to ride in since we left home. We were in the wilderness, without house or shelter, all the afternoon; and most of the time it rained excessively. We were soaked to the skin with water, and had very muddy riding. A little after sun-set, we arrived at a tavern, just at the end of the long woods, kept by a Mr. Van Deventer. Here we found the house full of people, who had been doing town business, and were detained by the excessive rain; many of whom lived at such a distance, they could not get home that night. When we arrived, they were in a very high and merry mood—some singing foolish songs—some laughing loud—some swearing—and some almost helpless: all seemed to feel, more or less, the effects of whisky. In the midst of such a revel, we could not expect to enjoy much tranquillity. We were determined, however, to try how far a portion of *truth* might prove an antidote to the disorder that seemed so prevalent among them. As soon as our poor, suffering horses were provided for, we informed the people of the house that

we were missionaries; and that, as Providence had cast our lot among them for the night, we were willing to preach to them, if they were disposed to give their attention. The landlord made known to them our proposal, which had its desired effect. Their carnal mirth stopped, almost in an instant:—they expressed a willingness to hear preaching; and within fifteen minutes, there was almost a profound silence, in place of so much noise and confusion. As soon as the necessary preparations were made, I went to preaching, in wet clothes, without changing a single article of them for dry ones; and had a very comfortable time in preaching, and a very attentive assembly. After sermon, a few of them went away, and the remainder treated us with all the civility and respect due to our character. This we venture to record as one evidence of the benefit resulting to society from a preached gospel, even in this world. That which will calm such tumultuous assemblies, so that sober men can enjoy peace, must be truly beneficial.

Wednesday, 21st—We rode to Buffalo, a small village, at the mouth of a creek of that name, just at the foot of Lake Erie; where, to our inexpressible joy, we met with Elder Elkanah Holmes, missionary to the North-Western Indians, and his lady, who received us with the utmost civility. This, however, was not the place of their residence—that being at Fort Slusher, about 27 miles down the Niagara river: but Elder Holmes was waiting at Buffalo for an answer from the Seneca nation of Indians, who were holding a council at their village, about 5 or 6 miles up the Buffalo creek, on the subject of building a house at their said village for public worship, and for educating their children.—We intended to have crossed the Niagara river, into the province of Upper Canada, the next day; but Mr. Holmes was not willing we should leave him till he had received

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his answer from the Indians; and we also had a mind to stay and hear it. We put up our horses where they might be recruiting a little, and spent three days in this place; during which time, we preached twice to the people, and had much agreeable conversation with Mr. Holmes. There is no stated meeting for religious worship held in this place, nor any religious society formed.

On Saturday, the 24th, Red Jacket, the chief Sachem of the Senecas, waited on Mr. Holmes, to inform him that they had pretty much got through with their consultations, and concluded to have the house built. After hearing this message, we took leave of Mr. Holmes, and agreed to attend with him, at the Tuscarora village, the next Saturday. This afternoon we crossed over to Fort Erie, in the British dominions, and put up at Doctor Chapin's, a gentlemen from the State of New-York, who resides there. The Doctor and his lady treated us with the utmost friendship and hospitality.

Lord's-day, 25th—We went about two miles down the river, where the people were notified to attend public worship. There was a pretty large assembly, considering the situation of the place; and the people gave very strict attention while we both preached—the one in the morning, and the other in the afternoon.

Monday, 26th—We set out this morning upon a tour down the river, and spent the week, till Friday night, in riding and preaching from one place to another, along the river and in its vicinity. In the course of this week we formed an acquaintance with a number of people, who treated us with the utmost friendship and hospitality, and did everything in their power to afford us such information and assistance as was necessary and useful to us in the prosecution of our mission. Among others, a Mr. Archibald Thompson, who lives at Stanford, about 7 or 8 miles below the Great Falls, was peculiarly ser-

viceable to us. He nursed our horses in the best manner—found us horses to ride, accompanied us himself where we went, in many instances: in short, he seemed anxious that nothing should be lacking on his part to render the place agreeable to us, and enable us to be serviceable to the people. Besides him, many others in the same place were very kind. About two miles from the village of Newark, lives a gentleman, by the name of Sweczey, a member of the provincial parliament in this province, who distinguished himself as our friend. On Friday of this week, brother Warren preached at his house, by his particular request. While we were there, we were treated with peculiar friendship; and at evening, he and his lady accompanied us to Queenston, where we had an appointment for evening preaching.—After worship, when he took his leave of us, he insisted we must visit him again before we left the province; and solicited hard that one or both of us should preach at Newark, as soon as we could make it convenient.—This night we lodged at a Mr. Rose's in Queenston, where we received every mark of friendship that could be shown. Mr. Rose and his lady were formerly from New-England; they are neither of them professors of religion, but they behaved towards us in a Christian-like manner.

Saturday, Oct. 1st—This morning we crossed the Niagara river, at Queenston Ferry, and went about half a mile up the river, to a Maj. Beech's, where we met Elder Holmes, and went with him to the Tuscarora village, about three miles from this place. We spent the afternoon very agreeably, with the Indians, and at evening returned to Maj. Beech's and took refreshment. Brother Warren crossed the river again this evening, in order to spend the Sabbath at Stanford, and I concluded to stay and spend the Sabbath with Elder Holmes, among the Indians.

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Lord's-day, 2d—After breakfast we went to the village; the Indians, at their usual time, assembled, and Elder Holmes delivered them a very excellent discourse, which was interpreted to them in due order. After a short pause, I delivered them a speech; signifying, that, as I was sent out by the *Shaftsbury Association*, as a missionary, I had called to see our Indian brethren, and form an acquaintance with them; and, if it met their approbation, to instruct them in the gospel. I was answered by their Chief Warrior, in a short, but very pertinent speech, expressive of their thanks to the Great Spirit, for putting it into the hearts of the white people to visit them, and instruct them for their good; and likewise to my brethren, for sending missionaries to visit them, and to me for calling to see them; and, at the close of his speech, informed me, that his nation would be very glad to have me spend some time with them before I returned home. I agreed to preach to them, on my return from Long Point, in three weeks from this day. We then took leave of them, returned to Major Beech's, and took some refreshment; and at 4 in the afternoon, I preached to the white people, at a Mr. Cook's, in the same neighborhood; and in the evening at Queens-ton, on the other side of the river.

Monday, 3d—This morning I joined brother Warren at Mr. Thompson's, in Stanford, in order to pursue our journey towards Long Point. To give a particular detail of all the occurrences of each day we spent in this province, would far exceed the intended limits of this narrative: I shall, therefore, content myself with giving a general view of the whole. We had, in the course of the last week, formed an acquaintance with an old Baptist brother, by the name of Slood, who was peculiarly serviceable to us in affording us information as to many places we had occasion to visit. He accompanied us on

our journey: we rode from place to place, and preached as often as time would admit. The people, in almost every place we visited, were very anxious to hear preaching—would run together, on the shortest notice, and many of them seemed very much affected with what they heard. We found no church of the Baptist order, though there were a number of brethren in several places. There had, a few years since, been a Baptist church at the Thirty-Mile-Creek, near 30 miles from Queenston; but they have pretty much lost their visibility, although a number of the members still reside there. We found several societies of the Methodist order, who in general were very friendly, and some of them seemed very glad to hear us preach: in particular, at Burford, a little beyond the Grand River, we found a large society of them, who treated us very kindly, and were very solicitous for preaching. While I made a short visit at Burford, brother Warren made a visit with the Mohawk Indians, on the Grand River, preached to them, and was very civilly treated by them. The savages are the most civil people in the world, in time of peace; and are a living example for the imitation of white people, in point of good manners!

On the evening of Saturday 8th, to our great joy, we arrived at the Long Point settlement, where we were most joyfully received. At this place we found a number of Christian brethren, who had lived a number of years without the privileges connected with gospel ordinances, for want of an administrator. They had frequently sent the most pressing requests to one and another, but had always been unsuccessful. The candid would not censure a people thus situated, if, on obtaining the long wished-for opportunity of receiving the administration of those sacred ordinances, they should discover a little innocent enthusiasm: this was the case with them;

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and I should set him down for a *stoic*, who would not have been moved into some degree of tenderness at the solemn, pious ecstasy, that appeared among them during our stay: in short, all descriptions of people seemed affected, in a greater or smaller degree, (although everything was conducted with decency and good order,) and I should depart from truth, if I were to say we did not ourselves share pretty largely in the ecstatic joy which seemed to prevail in every direction. They had previous notice of our coming, and were in some measure prepared to receive us. There are two brethren who improve in public in that country, by the names of Finch and Fairchild.* Brother Fairchild resides at some distance from the body of the brethren, but visits them at times. Brother Finch lives among them, and labors with them steadily; but neither of them are ordained, and when we arrived there, brother Finch had never been baptized. The two brethren above mentioned, met us about 15 miles from the settlement, and accompanied us there. We spent nine days in the place, every one of which was taken up in preaching and other religious exercises. The people laid aside all worldly business, except works of necessity, and attended meetings in crowds every day during our stay.

In those nine days, we preached 17 times, and heard brother Finch once—baptized 30 persons—gave them fellowship as a church—assisted them in doing some business in church matters, and administered to them the Lord's supper.

Monday, 17th—This morning we took an affectionate leave of them, and rode to Burford. Brethren Finch and Fairchild accompanied us. The next morning I took leave of them to return to Queenston, and brother

* Mr. Covell in a subsequent tour assisted in the ordination of both these brethren.

Warren set out on a tour to the River Retrench, in company with those two brethren. On my return, I preached at a number of places, where I had left appointments as I went out; and on the evening of Friday, 21st, arrived at our friend Thompson's, at Stanford.

Saturday, 22d—This morning I went to Queenston, crossed the river, and went to Maj. Beech's, where I met with Elder Holmes, after an absence of three weeks, and went with him to the Tuscarora village, and had a pleasing interview with the Indians. At evening we returned to Major Beech's, where we met with a Mr. Palmer, a Baptist minister, from Peeks-Kill, accompanied by a Deacon Bentley, from the same place, and a Mr. Marsh, from New-York, with whom we passed the evening very agreeably.

Lord's-day, 23d—After breakfast we all went to the village, where we met a pretty large collection of the Indians, and a number of white people; when, for the first time, I preached to my Indian brethren, by an interpreter. We spent some time with them, after preaching, and then returned to Mr. Cook's, where I preached at 4 o'clock, and spent the night.

Monday, 24th—According to previous arrangement, I crossed the river, and went in company with our friends from New-York, and Mr. Thompson, to Newark, where I preached in the evening, and went home with my friend, Mr. Sweezey, for lodgings. The next morning I tarried with him till my company arrived, when I bid him and his family an affectionate adieu, after receiving the most pressing solicitation to call on him, if I ever came that way again, and his kind wishes for my prosperity and safe return home; and rode to Queenston, where we parted with Mr. Thompson, crossed the river, and proceeded to Elder Holmes', at Fort Slusher. I spent the remainder of the week with great satisfaction,

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at this place; preached once, and made preparations for a council with the Indians on Saturday. Elder Holmes and his lady treated me with every mark of friendship and hospitality.

Saturday, 29th—Elder Holmes accompanied me to the village, where we held a council with the Indians: I gave them a talk in writing, and agreed to meet them in council the next Monday, to receive their answer.

Lord's-day, 30th—I preached to them again, and had much conversation with them, after preaching; and then went across the river, and preached in the evening, at Mr. Thompson's, at Stanford, where, to my great joy, I met with brother Warren, after an absence of almost a fortnight. The account he gave me of his tour while we were apart, added greatly to my joy and encouragement.

Monday, 31st—Brother Warren went to Newark, and I, according to agreement, crossed over to the Indian village, where I met with Elder Holmes, held the proposed council with them, and received their talk, to be presented to the *Shesbury Association*. After our council was concluded, I took a solemn and affectionate leave of them, and returned to Queenston, in company with Elder Holmes, and lodged at Mr. Rose's. The next morning we went to Mr. Thompson's, and spent the day very agreeably; and at evening Elder Holmes preached a most excellent sermon on the nature of gospel preaching. After worship, brother Warren arrived, and we all spent the night together.

Wednesday, Nov. 2d—This morning, after prayer, we had a solemn parting with Elder Holmes, and Mr. Thompson's family, and rode to Fort Erie, where we crossed the river, and spent the night at Buffalo.

Before I proceed any further in my narrative, I would beg the attention of the reader to a few remarks on the

situation of the people in that part of the province of Upper Canada which we visited.

Fort Erie is at the foot of *Lake Erie*, just where the Niagara river falls out of that lake. In the neighborhood of this fort is a pretty large settlement, and the people entirely destitute of a preached gospel. The village of Newark lies on the south shore of Lake Ontario, just where it receives the Niagara River. There is an extensive settlement contiguous to this village, and the people almost without gospel privileges. There is a Mr. Addison, an Episcopalian minister, who lives not far from Newark; and a Mr. Young, a Presbyterian, who lives in town; otherways the people are entirely destitute, unless now and then supplied by the Methodist riding preachers; and that very seldom. The distance from Fort Erie to Newark, is upwards of 30 miles, and all the way pretty thickly inhabited on the river; and, in many places, large settlements back *from* the river. At the mouth of Chippeewa Creek, a little above Niagara Falls, is a large and thick settled neighborhood, (almost a village,) and a settlement of considerable extent up the said Creek. A town by the name of Stanford lies on the river, a little below the Great Falls, that is pretty large, and thickly inhabited. In this town there is a Mr. Eastman, a Presbyterian minister, who preaches stately in three different places. The village of Queenston is situated on the bank of the river, about 7 miles above Newark: in its vicinity is a pretty large settlement; and within two or three miles, a small village, at the Four-Mile-Creek. These two villages, and the adjacent settlements, are entirely destitute of stated preaching.—From Queenston goes the main country road to the head of Lake Ontario, which is upwards of 50 miles; and thence, one way, round the head of said lake, to York, &c., and the other way, to the Grand River, where it

takes various directions, and leads the traveller through an excellent country, of vast extent, and many settlements formed, and rapidly increasing. From the Grand River the main road keeps on to Long Point, on the north shore of Lake Erie, upwards of 100 miles from Queenston. In the whole of this extensive country, from the Niagara River to Long Point, in one direction, to the River Retrench, the Governor's Road, &c., in another, and to York in a third, according to the best information we could obtain, there are but six ordained preachers, of any denomination, except the Methodists, and not many of them. Besides the two Presbyterians, and one Episcopalian, already mentioned, there is a German, of the Lutheran order, settled about 10 or 15 miles from Queenston, (his name I do not recollect) a Mr. Phelps, an Episcopalian, not far from the head of Lake Ontario, and a Mr. Culver, a Presbyterian, about 10 or 15 miles from Long Point; he is not, however, settled with any particular people, and being old and superannuated, does not preach very often.

The people are chiefly emigrants from the United States, although there are a considerable number from Europe. They have been educated in different principles and habits of religion; but I venture to assert, they show as little bigotry to any particular sect, as any people that can be found on earth. The preacher that appears and behaves in character, is sure to obtain a hearing, both from high and low, from ministers and people, where proper notice is given. It is not to be supposed, however, that they have no preference as to particular systems; but being in a destitute situation, many of them are glad to hear preaching from any man of good character. In one respect they are like people in every other place; some are very inattentive to anything of a religious nature, while others are very desirous of being instructed;

and I may say, without exaggerating, that a great proportion of them appeared very much engaged, and very anxious to hear the gospel. As a testimony of this, they sent a written request to the *Shaftsbury Association*, praying them, in the most pressing terms, to send more missionaries into that country; and, if possible, to settle one permanently there. To this request more than 150 persons, many of them in eminent stations, affixed their signatures; and the number might have been greatly augmented, if it had been thought necessary. In short, there appeared a *general* solicitude for a preached gospel.

The mission of Elder Blood, according to appearance, was attended with many happy consequences; especially in rousing the attention of the people in many places to hear preaching; and I hope, in some instances, to their everlasting good. Mr. Dunlap and Mr. Proudfit have each made a tour in that country, and have left evident traces of their usefulness. May the Lord of the harvest send more faithful laborers!

And shall we, my Christian brethren, stand idle, or look on with cold indifference, while God, in his providence, is loudly calling, "Go ye into the vineyard, and whatever is right I will give you?" No; let us awake to a sense of the importance of the object—let us take warning by the admonitions of Heaven, and be encouraged by his promises: "The idle soul shall suffer hunger—The willing and obedient shall eat the good of the land." Let us not be content to dwell in our ceiled houses, and see the house of *God* lie neglected; or indulge ourselves in sloth, till the clouds of just indignation shall blacken over us, and burst in one awful storm of judgments on our guilty heads!

But, it will be answered by some, this is mere enthusiastic declamation. I answer, let such go and see for

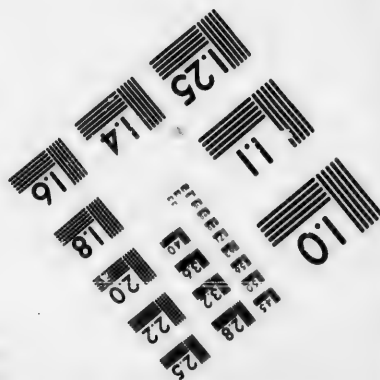
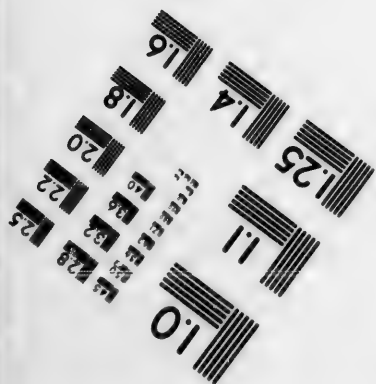
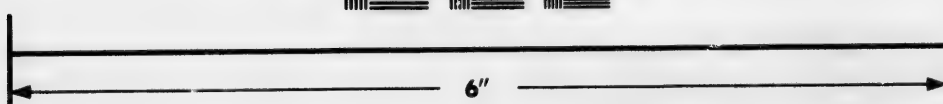
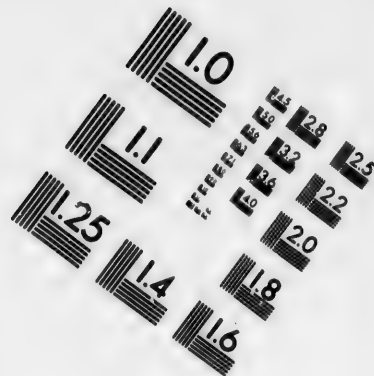
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themselves; and if they have the least degree of true religion at heart, they will share more or less in the same kind of enthusiasm. But, say some, have we enough to do at home? Is there not work enough for all our ministers, without going to Canada? And do we not need their number greatly increased among ourselves? So the miser would interrogate, if a few pence were called for to promote a public good. But suppose there is work enough for all our ministers, and more if we had them among ourselves; shall we indulge that selfishness, so contrary to the genius of the gospel, that we will not consent for those who are entirely unte, to share with us in the privileges we enjoy? Such niggardliness never be indulged by those who profess the Christian religion. What is 50 cents per year, to be voted for the spread of the gospel? One pound of tea and one of sugar the less in the course of the year, would more than amount to it; or, what would be of far less consequence, one ribbon the less! And if each professor of Christianity in this country would contribute half that sum annually, what a fund would be raised for the promotion of the greatest good! And what an infinite satisfaction would each liberal soul enjoy, in the thought of having cast in a mite into the treasury of the house of God!

On our return from the province of Canada, let me invite the reader to call, and make a short visit with the poor savages. Elder Elkanah Holmes is appointed by the New-York Missionary Society, as a missionary to the north-western Indians. His labors have been chiefly with the Senecas and Tuscaroras; and much the greater part of the time with the latter. The greater part of the Senecas are well inclined to receive the gospel, and the maxims of civilization; though there are some of them opposed to it, which causes some trouble, and, in some





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degree, retards his success with them: notwithstanding, the balance of circumstances is much in his favor with *them*. With the Tuscaroras he has been much more successful. In less than two years, he has had the happiness to prevail on them to abandon many of their savage notions: they have entered into solemn covenant with him, to abstain from the use of spiritous liquors, of all kinds; to observe the Sabbath as a day of religious worship, and to do everything in their power to restrain licentiousness among the rising generation, and become acquainted with the Christian religion. To this covenant they adhere, with a scrupulosity that might be an admonition to white people. There is a very convenient house erected in their village, (at the expense of the State) for the purpose of meeting for worship and educating their children. They have an English school taught by a young Indian, who has a good share of English learning, and is a very sober, respectable man. The solemn and orderly manner in which they attend public worship; the correctness and melody of their singing, and the solicitude and affection with which they listen to a preached gospel, afford incontestible evidence of the success of *his* labors among them; and, at the same time, hold out the strongest inducements to prosecute the missionary business among other tribes of the same color.

I do not say these things merely for the sake of praising our brother Holmes: the conscious pleasure he enjoys in contemplating that his labors have not been prompted by selfishness, nor prosecuted with indifference, together with a view of the success attending them, evincing that Heaven approves his undertaking, must afford him infinitely greater satisfaction than the praises of my feeble pen. But my design is, if possible, to engage the attention of my Christian brethren, in general, to an under-

making so laudable in its nature, and hitherto so beneficial in its effects, as to render it worthy the attention of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, or have any true desires for the good of souls.

The great commission which Christ gave to his disciples, to "*Go, and teach all nations,*" &c. holds good at present, and will forever, and is equally binding on all gospel ministers. The apostles might, undoubtedly, have found full employ at Jerusalem, in leading and comforting the brethren, without going abroad: but it was not the will of God they should continue in so small a circle; nor could they have complied with the injunction of their commission in so doing: but, while some of them tarried there, others went to visit the Gentiles; and by such means the gospel was spread.—In short, the progress of the Christian religion, from place to place, has uniformly been by the labors of itinerants, or missionaries; and must continue to progress by the same means, (so far as human means are necessary,) through the whole world.

Once more. It is the command of God that those who go on this warfare should be provided for by those who profess to be friends to his cause. How inconsistent, then, is it with our professions of regard for the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom, and for the good of souls, to be unwilling to spare our ministers, now and then, to go and bear the glad tidings of the gospel to distant climes; or, if we coldly consent for them to go, to send them unprovided for! Such a spirit is very different from that which actuated the saints in primitive times; and is directly contrary to the command of Heaven, and to the genius of the gospel.

Let us, then, awake universally, and use our utmost to send the gospel to the western boundaries of our continent. While we are praying for the spread of the

gospel—for the enlargement of the empire of the Redeemer—and for the conversion of the heathen—let us cast in our mite, as the Lord hath prospered us, for the attainment of those glorious ends. Let not our practice contradict our prayers, nor put us to the blush at the throne of grace!

The providence of God is loudly calling upon us to be up and doing—the earnest solicitations of the poor savages chide our slothfulness—and the hope of success is sufficient to prompt our zeal. Already has the holy fire begun to kindle in the hearts of many: may it soon become a universal flame!

To return to my narrative. On the morning of Thursday, the 3d of November, we left Buffalo, and pursued our journey homewards. We called at most of the places where we preached on our way out, and in many where we had not. On arriving at Bloomfield, we found the work of the Lord going on, in a very comfortable manner: many young people, and some others, had been made to rejoice in the pardon of sin, during our absence. I made a two-days' visit in the neighborhood, while brother Warren took a different route. The weather was now very uncomfortable; but no inconvenience was sufficient to prevent the people from attending meetings for worship. Their hearts were on fire! I preached with them four times, and then took a most affectionate leave of them, and rode to Canandaigua, made a visit with the brethren there, preached with them 3 times, and left them, though with real regret.

On Wednesday, the 16th, I joined brother Warren again, at Scipio, where, according to appointment, we attended a council. From Scipio we took different routes, and preached chiefly in places where we had not visited before, till we met in Onondaga, the Monday following.

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Wednesday, 23d—We this day arrived at Cazenovia, where, according to agreement, we attended a council, in order to settle some difficulties between the church and some individuals; and to give them advice in certain matters. I have reason to believe the meeting was in some degree beneficial. At this place we met with Elder Peter Ph. Roots, Elder Hosmer, and several brethren in the ministry, with whom we had a very agreeable interview.

Thursday, 24th—We parted this morning: brother Warren went to Hamilton, and Elder Roots and myself spent two days in visiting and preaching in Cazenovia, and its vicinity. The people in this part of the country are pretty much destitute of preaching, and seemed very desirous to hear.

On the morning of Saturday, the 26th, we were joined by brother Warren, and rode in a very uncomfortable snow-storm, to the boundaries of Oneida, where we parted; brother Warren intending to spend the Sabbath in Oneida, and then pursue his way immediately home, without joining me again. Brother Roots intended to spend the Sabbath in Westmoreland, and agreed to meet me at a certain place in that town, on Sunday evening, and spend the ensuing week with me. After parting with them, I rode to Mr. Sargeant's, at New Stockbridge, and spent the night and ensuing day with him and the Indians—preached twice to them, and at evening rode to Westmoreland, met Elder Roots, and preached an evening sermon.

We spent Monday and Tuesday, 28th and 29th, in different neighborhoods in the town of Westmoreland, in visiting and preaching; and on Tuesday evening rode to Whitestown, where brother Roots put up at Elder Parsons', and I rode to Utica, and preached an evening sermon.

Wednesday, 30th—Joined brother Roots, at Elder

Parsons', where we took dinner, and then rode to Utica, and spent the remainder of the day, and evening. The remainder of the week, till Saturday, we spent in visiting and preaching in different neighborhoods, in Deerfield and its vicinity; and on Saturday, the 3d of December, we parted, and I rode to Whitestown, where I held a conference with the people, and tarried the night with Elder Parsons.

Lord's-day, 4th—I preached in the morning at Whites-town, and in the afternoon at Utica; and at evening had a very agreeable religious conference with the people at Utica.

On the morning of Monday 5th, I set out on a tour down the Black River. I rode upwards of 100 miles down said river, the most of the way very thickly settled, and almost entirely destitute of preaching, except by missionaries. I spent about two weeks on this tour, and preached and visited in a number of places, and found the people very desirous of enjoying gospel privileges. I think it is the duty of missionaries to visit those infant settlements, till they can be otherways supplied with a preached gospel.

After performing this tour, I made my way homewards, as fast as possible, considering the badness of the travelling. I preached occasionally, and made several short visits on the way; and on the evening of Friday, the 30th, to my inexpressible joy, I arrived safely at my own house, in Pittstown, and found my family in health, after an absence of 129 days: in which time, I had travelled more than 1600 miles; preached 125 sermons, and baptized 21 persons; besides visiting, holding several conferences with the Indians, and many with the white people, in different places—attending one ordination, and several councils on other occasions.

APPENDIX.

THE reader will recollect, that mention has been made of a council, held at the Seneca village, on the subject of building a house at said village, for public worship, and for educating their children; and that Elder Holmes was waiting for their answer, when we arrived at Buffalo. This council was occasioned by the opposition of a part of the nation, headed by a certain influential *Chief*, by the name of *Obail*, and a brother of his, who pretends to be a prophet, against the building of the house, receiving any books from the white people for the instruction of their children, or hearkening to the gospel and the maxims of civilization. At this council, the principal chiefs of the Onondaga and Cayuga nations were present. The object was to effect a reconciliation between the two contending parties, so that the house might be built, the missionary received, and the nation instructed in the principles of the gospel and civilization, by general and amicable agreement. Much depended on the result of this council. The famous orator, *Red Jacket*, was a strenuous advocate for receiving the gospel and building the house; and a majority of the nation were on his side. After counselling together on the subject upwards of ten days, they came to a conclusion to have the house built; and invited Mr. Holmes to meet them at their council-house, where Red Jacket delivered him the following speech, in the presence of the nation, and of the gentlemen hereafter named, who committed the same to writing, as appears by the annexed certificate, bearing their signatures.

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A SPEECH,

Delivered by RED JACKET, a Sachem of the Seneca Nation of Indians, in Council with the principal Sachems of the Seneca, Onondaga and Cayuga Nations, to the Rev. ELKANAH HOLMES, missionary to the North-western Indians.

Father—

We thank the Great Spirit above, for the opportunity of meeting together this day. We are sorry that we have made so many delays on our part, and for not letting the Missionary Society know our minds before.

*Father—*We are sorry that you have been detained so long on our account. We have now made up our minds, and concluded, in a general council, that hereafter there shall be no difficulty arising on our part.

*Father—*We have heard the advice which you have repeatedly given us, and have taken it coolly into consideration, so that all our people may understand it. Your customs are different from ours: We agree to yours; but are not content to forget some of our own customs, which have been handed down to us by our forefathers.

*Father—*Some years ago, the reason which we assign for our forefathers not laying hold of the gospel, and the customs of the white people, is, that they supposed that they inhabited a tract of country sufficiently extensive to render them independent of the white people; but you passed by and looked over us, and went to visit more western nations.

*Father—*Our friends, the Indians, have found the evil of not attending to good advice. For instance, here are a number of different nations—Delawares, Tuscaroras, and others—who, from a want of education and a knowledge of your customs, have been deceived by the white

people, and become their slaves, and have been seen at their doors, cutting wood and making brooms, to earn their bread; when, if they had followed the customs of their forefathers, they would have known better, and would not have been there.

Father—This is the reason why we *gradually* comply with what the Missionary Society has recommended to us, that we may not be deceived and taken advantage of, like those we mentioned before. We have great hopes from the information we have received from the young Chief, whom the Missionary Society have now under their care, that he will be of great service to us, and be able to read our papers, and explain all writings which we may receive from the Missionary Society, or on any other business.

Father—It has been recommended to us by your great Chief, General WASHINGTON, that we should be united as friends and brothers, and learn to cultivate the soil, and attend to everything that would be for our comfort and happiness.

Father—You have been sent here by a number of those who wear the same cloth with yourself: Their good intention in sending you among us was to open our eyes, and to instruct us in those things which will be for our good.

Father—We are convinced that the Missionary Society are friends to the Indians.

Father—You have taken a great deal of pains and trouble, in coming among us to instruct us for our good. But we make not the smallest doubt that there are a number of white people who have doubted whether we shall ever lay hold of the gospel, and of the good instructions which you have come so far to give us:—But we hope to convince those of that opinion, that our

children will lay hold of all the good advice which you have, from time to time, given us.

We, the chiefs of the Seneca, Onondaga and Cayuga nations, have agreed to listen to what has been recommended to us. Not that we say that *all* will listen; but that the *greater part* have agreed to hearken to what our fathers, the missionaries, have said to us.

Father—We have been a long time counselling among ourselves about building the house for worship, and for educating our children, which you have recommended to us; and are now all agreed that it shall be built, at the place where you have stuck the stake; and hope that it may become useful to our children, and make them wise.

Father—We thank the Great Spirit above, and the Missionary Society, for sending you among us. We have heard the good effect it has had, by the care they have taken of the young chief. We return our fathers, the Missionary Society, thanks for their attention and care of him, and for the benefit we hope to receive from him hereafter.

Father—We have given up this young Chief to your charge: but we cannot say how far you are going to carry him in learning; but will leave it to our fathers, the Missionary Society, to say how far they think proper to carry him; so that, when he returns to us, he may be capable of transacting our public business equal to the white people.

Father—Upon this subject we will stop; but probably say something further on another subject.

Father—Look around the room, and you will see a number of us with the appearance of *old age* upon our countenances, who have no idea of leaving off *some* of our ancient customs; but we will leave our children to judge for themselves.

Father—You have visited us at our villages when we were attending to our customary worship, about the

middle of cold weather. We make it a custom to meet together at that time, at our several villages, (which is a custom handed down to us by our forefathers) to return thanks to the Great Spirit above, for the success we have had in hunting our game for the support of our families.

Father—There is another time when we return thanks to the Great Spirit: It is when our crops become fit for use—it being from Him that we receive all those good things.

These customs now mentioned we intend to continue in; and we hope you will have no objection to our following them.

Father—You would not like to have us deprive you of any of your customs! How would you feel if we were to insist on your leaving off your customs, and adopting ours? For this reason, *Father*, we will retain the customs before mentioned, and attend to yours; and pray to the Great Spirit, that *both* may lead us to happiness.

Father—This is all we have to say at this time—only that we wish that a copy of the Talk delivered this day may be sent to our fathers, the Missionary Society, and that one may be left with us; so that if it should be forgotten by our old men, it may be seen and understood by our children hereafter.

An extemporaneous reply to the foregoing Talk, by the Reverend ELKANAH HOLMES, missionary.

My Children—

I thank the Great Spirit above, that I am allowed to meet with the chiefs of the Senecas, Onondagas and Cayugas this day. I thank you all, my children, that you have been so kind as to meet me here at this time. I have had a great desire, ever since I met you, at your fire-place, last fall, to meet you again in council.

I observe that you have said to me, that you are sorry that you have occasioned any delay: But I remember, that when I first came to visit you, I requested you to be deliberate, and cool; and to do nothing in a hurry. You, doubtless, remember, that I have often told you that it was a great thing to receive and obey the gospel of *Jesus Christ*. I have also often told you, that if you were hasty in making up your minds, you would be hasty in forgetting: that, therefore, there was a necessity of calm deliberation upon matters of such great importance.

I have been well acquainted, ever since last fall, that you have had a great deal of trouble and difficulty in your nations; and I have been much concerned about it. Since that time, I have often prayed to the Great Spirit above, that he would help you to settle your difficulties in a way that would make for peace. Now I thank the Great Spirit that he has heard my prayers so far, that you have peace and good-will among you.

Now, Children, if I had time, I would be glad to remark upon every-thing that you have spoken to me this day; but I have not time at present. But I will tell you this, I am well pleased with the most of what you have said.

Now, one thing more, Children, I will say to you. I hope, by the leave of the Great Spirit, to return home, and to consider of the Talk that you have delivered to me at this time; and to return with my interpreter, and give you an answer in writing; that you, and your children after you, may always have it in your power to know what I say, in reply to what you have spoken this day: and also to send a copy of it to the *Missionary Society*, that they may know what I have said to you.—I will, according to your request, send them a copy of your Talk to me at this time, and also leave one with you.

Talk, by

All that I have further to say, is, that I pray that the Great Spirit may bless you with peace and good-will among yourselves, and make you happy in this world, and prepare you for happiness after death.

"BUFFALO CREEK, 28th Sept. 1803.

We, the subscribers, do hereby certify, that we were present when the speech of RED JACKET, a Sachem of the Seneca nation of Indians, was delivered to the Rev. ELKANAH HOLMES, missionary to the North-western Indians; and that the above is a correct translation of it, as interpreted to us by Messrs. Johnson and Smith, Indian interpreters. And likewise, that the extemporaneous reply of the Rev. Elkanah Holmes to the Sachems of the Seneca, Onondaga and Cayuga nations, assembled in council at the time of the delivery of the aforesaid speech, is also above correctly stated.

DAVID THOMPSON,

Justice of the Peace, County of Genesee.

JOHN W. BROWNSON,

Lieut. of 11th Reg. U. States Infantry."

A few days before I left the Tuscarora Indians, agreeable to previous arrangement, Elder Holmes and myself attended a council with them, at their village; where, after a short introduction, I delivered them the following *Talk*; and, by their request, left a copy of it with them.

Sachems, Chiefs, Warriors, and all you of the

Tuscarora Nation here present, attend!

Children—

I thank the Great Spirit above, for the opportunity I have had several times heretofore, to meet with you at your fire-place, to worship the Great Spirit, and to converse about the gospel of Jesus Christ: and I feel thankful to him that I have the opportunity of meeting so many of you here this day; and I pray the Great Spirit

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to help us, that we may all attend to the business before us with all holy fear, that we may please and honor him in all we say and do.

Children—Now I thank the Great Spirit that he has put it into your hearts to meet me here this day; and I thank you, Children, that so many of you have been so kind as to come to this place to meet at this time.

Children—I will now speak a few words in your ears, to let you know the reason of my coming to visit you at your fire-placé.

My Brothers—The ministers that sent me into this country, are united in the same good cause with your good fathers and kind friends, the New-York Missionary Society—they are all of them friends to you, and to all the nations of your color; and feel a desire to open your eyes to see, and your ears to hear, the good word of the gospel, so that you and your children may receive it with all your heart, and that it may make you wise and happy in this world, and happy after death.

Children—You must know that your fathers, the ministers that sent me here, desire the happiness of men of all colors and languages; and that they pray the Great Spirit above, to open your hearts, and the hearts of all your nations, to receive the gospel; and we were very glad to hear that you had made a covenant with our brothers, the Missionary Society of New-York, to listen to the good words they have repeatedly spoken to you; and it made us very glad to hear that you had so far showed your good-will towards them, that you had received our good brother Holmes, when they sent him to you to instruct you and your children in the gospel of Jesus Christ, and to teach you the will of the Great Spirit.

Children—Now this is the reason that our brothers, the ministers who sent me and my brother into this

country to preach to the white people, directed us to come and visit you, at your fire-place, and to see how far you had gone in the good path, and to hear you speak your minds about the gospel of Jesus Christ, so that we can tell them, when we return to their fire-place, what situation you are in, so that they may know what to do hereafter.

Children—Therefore I have come with father Holmes several times to your fire-place. I have seen the good attention you give to what he says to you from time to time. I have heard the good words you have spoken to him and me when we were with you—I have heard you sing praises to the Great Spirit—I have heard you thank the Great Spirit for sending missionaries to preach the gospel to you—and I have heard you say that you intend to go on as fast as you can, and that you desire to be led into all truth, so that you and your children may lay hold of all the good things that are spoken to you in the holy book, and hold them fast to the latest generations.

And now, *Children*—I have a few things to say to you. I thank you for your kindness to father Holmes—I thank you that you believe him to be your friend, and that you are friendly to him. He *is* your friend, and a friend to *all* the people of your color, and desires to do you *all* the good he can. He desires that all your nations may receive the gospel, so that you may be wise and happy: and I thank you that you are kind to mother Holmes, and that you are pleased with her, and behave well towards her. I hope you will remember that your father Holmes has come a great way to preach the gospel to you; and that he has taken a great deal of pains to assist you, so that you now have a good house built, to meet in to worship the Great Spirit, to hear the gospel preached to you; and for your children to meet in, to learn to read, and sing praises to the Great Spirit, and to learn all good things.

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Children—Look on father Holmes! He is old, and must soon leave you, and go the way that all our fathers have gone. Then you will never more hear him speak to you about the will of the Great Spirit, nor about those good things that will make you wise and happy. Then you will need some other one to instruct you as he has done. Now, *Children*—If you are kind to him and mother Holmes, and if you open your ears and listen to the good things that he takes so much pains to teach you, and receive them with all your heart, then your good friends and fathers, the Missionary Society, and the ministers that have sent me to visit you, will feel more encouraged in their hearts, and their hands made more strong; and they will send more missionaries to preach to you the gospel of Jesus Christ, and lead you further in the knowledge of all those good things which will be for your happiness, both in this world and after death.—But if you and your children are not kind to father Holmes & mother Holmes, and if you do not listen to the good words which he speaks to you, then their hearts will sink, their heads will hang down, their hands will fall and be very weak, and the tears will run down their cheeks! Then they will be afraid to send any more missionaries; and missionaries will be afraid to come among you.

Children—Now I am pleased to see that you give good attention when you meet to worship the Great Spirit, and to hear the gospel preached. I am pleased to see that your young men give good attention, and behave civilly. It makes me very glad, and makes my hands feel *strong*, to see how kind the Sachems and Chiefs are, in keeping good regulations among their people, and for the kind words they have said to me when I have been with you heretofore.

I am pleased to hear you sing praises to the Great Spirit. I am pleased that you are thankful to the Great

Spirit above, for sending missionaries among you. I am well pleased that you have said to me, that you intend to go on as fast as you can in the good path; and that you desire to be let into all truth, so that you and your children may lay hold of all the good things that are spoken to you in the holy book, and hold them fast to the end of your life.

Now I will say one thing more to you. I was pleased when I was with you last Lord's-day, to see that you remember to observe the holy Sabbath—you were all peaceable on that day—your old men and your young men were all still and quiet, and there was no playing balls, nor any other disorderly behavior to make disturbance. Now this makes me very glad, that you have gone so far in obeying the gospel, that you all behaved well on that day.

Children—The earth belongs to the great God above! He made it for himself: and He made the first man and the first woman; and all men, of every color and language, came from them, and therefore are all brothers.—Now the Great Spirit commanded the first man and woman to cultivate the soil, and subdue its wild nature, so that it might become tame, and bring forth food, and all good things for the use of man, so that they may be comfortable and happy; and that they may flourish and grow up like tall trees, and have many branches. For this reason it is the duty of all men to be industrious, and to work at some calling or business that will help to subdue the earth, and make it fruitful; and the gospel of Jesus Christ requires them so to do: and you may see, if you will look around among white people, how much more comfort, and how many more good things those enjoy who obey the command of the great God, in these things, than those do who live in idleness or by hunting. Now I hope you will be willing to be industrious, and to

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be honest and sober, and to take the greater part of the burthen of cultivating the soil upon yourselves, instead of leaving it upon your women, that you may abundantly prosper, and have abundance of all good things; and I am very glad to see that you have begun so to do. If you go on as you have begun, you will soon be a wise and happy people.

Children—I expect your fathers and brothers, the ministers who sent me to visit you, will make their necks long before I return to our fire-place, wishing to hear what I have seen and heard among you.

Now, *Children*—I expect soon to bid you farewell, and return home, and tell the good news of what I have seen among you, to all those good white people who pray for the happiness of Indians, and to let them know the good words you have spoken to me. Therefore, I wish to leave with you what I have said to you this day, so that you may read it often, and that you and your children may remember it; and that it may be remembered to the latest generations, that I am your friend and brother, and that those who sent me are friends and brothers to you, and wish your happiness, both in this world and after death.

Sachems and Chiefs!

You are the fathers of this nation. I hope you will be faithful to watch over them all for their good, and see that they obey the gospel of Jesus Christ: and I pray the Great Spirit that you may live long, to be a blessing to this people.

Warriors!

I beseech you to hearken to the advice and counsel of the Sachems and Chiefs, and be obedient to them in all good things, as to the fathers of your nation; for so the gospel requires you to do.

You that are Husbands!

Remember that the holy Bible requires all that have wives to love them, and not be cruel to them; but to do them good, and provide things for their comfort and happiness.

And to those of you that are Wives!

That holy book commands those women that have husbands, to love them, and be kind to them, and help them take care of their children, and keep them clean and wholesome, and teach them to love and obey the Great Spirit.

You that are Little Children!

The gospel of Jesus Christ teaches little children to obey their parents in all things. Therefore, I beseech you to be good children, obey your parents, and hearken to what old people say to you, that you may be wise and happy.

Now I pray that the spirit of all love and peace may dwell in all your hearts, and make you love Jesus Christ and one another, and all men, and live in peace and quietness among yourselves; and that after death we may all meet together in that world of joy, where all those of every nation and color, that have obeyed the gospel of Jesus Christ here on earth, will unite, and forever continue, together with holy angels, to sing praises to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, who make but one God—Amen.

LEMUEL COVELL.

Tuscarora Village, Oct. 29, 1803.

On the Monday after the delivery of the foregoing Speech, I received the following *Talk* from the Sachems, in behalf, and in the presence of the nation; which they requested me to present to the *Shaftsbury Association. Fathers and Brothers!*

We are very happy to meet you here this day, and that we are well and in health. As many of us as are here,

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have met to let you know our minds, and what we have to say. I thank the good people, the ministers, that they have sent missionaries to visit our fire-place—to preach the gospel—the will of the Great Spirit, to us. Our whole nation thanks the ministers for their good will to our nation.

We hope that the Great Spirit may protect you safe on your journey home—that you may find all at your fire-place well. We pray that the Great Spirit may prosper your labors.

I say to the good people, that when they see our mistakes or errors, that they will not think hard of us, because we meet with a great many difficulties in the way. We slowly go on to get acquainted about the Great Spirit—for we think we are firm in taking hold of the gospel.

We say now, all we Chiefs of our nation, we hope that the good people will not be discouraged about us because other nations of our color do not receive the gospel; for we are sure that *we* wish to be instructed.

We are Chiefs—we do all we can to persuade our young men and our children to be taught in the good way—that they may become acquainted with the gospel, to the latest generation.

Second Sachem.—I am very much pleased, and thank the ministers. I send my love to the ministers of the *Shaftsbury Association*, who sent you to us to preach the good word to us, which we have felt in our hearts!

First Sachem—I send word to my nephew, GEORGE, that he would not be uneasy about us—we have put off drinking spiritous liquor—we feel happy to live a sober life—I wish that he would keep from liquor, and not taste one drop, so that he may be sober.

You may know by this, that I am glad always to see ministers, and hear their good words.

SACARESA, *First Sachem.*

WILLIAM *PRINTUP, Second Sachem.*

October 31, 1803.

We, the subscribers, certify, that the foregoing Speech was delivered by the above-named Sachems, to the Rev. LEMUEL COVELL, word for word, as near as could be translated.

Witness our hands,

NICHOLAS COSICK,
JOHN X MOUNTPLEASANT, } Interpreters.

I hereby certify, that I wrote down the above Speech, as delivered to me by the above interpreters.

ELKANAH HOLMES."

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CHAPTER V.

Temporal troubles and giving up of worldly concerns; Doings of the session 1805; Second appointment to the Canada Mission; Letters to his Daughter; Journey to Boston; Invitation from the church in Cheshire, Mass.; Occurrence among the Indians while on his Mission; Removal to Cheshire; Review of his sojourn in Pittstown.

But while Mr. Covell was so ardently and successfully laboring in the vineyard of the Lord, his own affairs were becoming continually more embarrassed, and he saw no prospect of retrieving his affairs, without devoting himself exclusively to his own private interests. But this was not in his commission, that run, "let the dead bury their dead: but go thou and preach the kingdom of God." Accordingly his resolution was taken. He sold his place to one of his deacons, Mr. Head, and in the spring of 1805, returned to the small house and garden, he had left a few years before. He found by inspection, that the demands against him, exceeded his ability to meet, to the amount of \$700. He made a frank and full disclosure of his condition to his people, and his church and society conjointly agreed to raise the money, upon condition that he should never leave them to become the pastor of any other people, unless that people would refund the money to them. To this he consented, and beheld every creditor paid to the uttermost farthing. Then from his heart could he exclaim in the language of his favorite poet,

"Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall,
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God, my all."

He had become convinced that *his* portion was not to be of *this* world, nor *his* labors to be expended for the meat that perisheth. In conversation with a ministering brother on the subject of his affairs, he remarked in the words of the wise man, "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

The Association convened this year at Hoosic Falls. We commence with their Minutes, at article 8:

"The Committee charged with the missionary fund, reported, that during the year past, they received \$91,34. That they have expended \$51, leaving a balance of \$40,34. That they have employed Elder H. Gorton three months, on a mission through the western country, as far as Long Point, in Upper Canada. That he has reported, that he found the people in general much engaged to hear preaching; that in some places in the Province of Upper Canada, they were so anxious to hear the gospel, that they would encounter difficulties almost insurmountable, and danger indescribable, to get to meetings for preaching, and that there appeared a general solicitude to have us continue to send them assistance by missionaries.— That he found the church at Charlotteville in trials, but left them in more comfortable circumstances. That there was some revival of religion in that place, and seven persons baptized while he was there. That he also presented a written request from the church and society in that place, and another from a number of inhabitants in other parts of the Province, earnestly requesting us to send missionaries to visit them as often as possible, and above all, to settle a permanent missionary in that country, manifesting at the same time their willingness to do all in their power to help him with such things as they have to bestow for the comfort of his family. That he also visited the Tuscarora Indians, was cordially received by them, and found things favora-

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ble and encouraging among them, and that they had sent a Talk in writing to the Association, expressing their thanks to God and us for sending missionaries to visit them, and their earnest desire to be further instructed in the gospel. The above report concludes as follows:

Resolved, unanimously, That this committee do cordially approve of the labors and report of our beloved brother Gorton, and we earnestly recommend to the Association the propriety of making further exertions in the same way. The several papers alluded to in the above report, were read, which excited transports of joy and commiseration in the hearts of many who heard them, particularly that from the poor savages.

Resolved, unanimously, That this Association do cordially approve of the doings of our Committee and the labors of our beloved brother Gorton as reported; and that we will make all such further exertions as lie in our power to send missionaries into those parts, and others destitute of preaching—therefore

9. Resolved, unanimously, That the same Committee, viz: Elders Peck, Blood, Webb, Hull, Craw and Covell, Brethren Rouse, Upham, Rogers, Hendrix, Child, and Choat, be our Committee to carry the same into effect.

10. Resolved, That suitable answers be prepared by brother Webb, in the name of the Association, to all the papers* alluded to in the report of our Committee, and that whoever is sent out the present year as missionary, be the bearer of the same.

Mr. Covell again said to his brethren, "here am I," and accordingly he received an appointment to visit again

* With pleasure would the writer insert these papers were they now to be obtained. Mr. Covell, as Clerk of the Association and Missionary Committee, so many successive years, had perhaps the greatest accumulation of Associational and Missionary documents of any one man in the connection; and while he lived, he preserved them with great care; but after his decease many of his writings and pamphlets became scattered beyond recall.

the waiting regions of the west. On this tour he was to spend six months. Elder Jonathan Finch was also appointed on a tour northward, three months. The missionary cause was evidently and annually gaining ground. The holy fire first enkindled in Mr. Covell's bosom, and breathed forth in his own unstudied eloquence, from time to time, and place to place, had spread from heart to heart, from church to church, till the greater part of the Association became as the heart of one man.

As has been already mentioned, Mr. Covell had sold his possession, adjusted his affairs, and retired from all secular concerns. He received but about \$200 a year as a salary for preaching, but his family enjoyed good health, and by the economy and prudent management of one of the best of wives, they were always comfortably supported. His own health was never sound. He was subject to frequent attacks of the bilious cholic—to hard and frequent pain in the head, and was frequently, yes, very frequently, afflicted with the phthisic. But even this disease was turned to account. Some of his choicest meditations owe their origin to the midnight solitude of his fire-side musings, when the poor distressed lungs made sleep a stranger to his pillow, and denied him the refreshment of a recumbent position. With a blazing fire, an elbow-chair, and a pipe both for remedy and companionship, he was wont to hold long and frequent vigils with his thoughts and his complaint. Of course his sermons were enriched, Zion was benefitted, but his physical system was worn. ●

Mr. Covell had this summer placed his eldest daughter, then something over thirteen, under the care of the Rev. David Rathbun, teacher of a select school at Hoosic Falls. While there he wrote her the following letters:

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My dear
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Pittstown, June 22, 1805.

Dear Deidamia:

Are you in health, my Daughter? Are you contented with your home? (Are you dutiful to your worthy instructor? Are you modest and unassuming in the kind family where you reside? Are you modest and condescending among your school-fellows? Are you meek and mannerly in all company? Are you assiduous in your studies? Are you making progress in knowledge? Are you faithful in your employment?) Are you thoughtful about God and eternity?

Let your preceptor answer the questions included in parenthesis, and answer the others yourself, as soon as you have a convenient opportunity. Give my compliments to Mr. R. and all the family. Your Mama and the Children are well, and send their love to you. We shall come to see you, if the Lord will, on Friday next. "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Be attentive to the instructions and counsel of your affectionate Father,

LEMUEL COVELL.

Deidamia Covell.

Soon after this date, Mr. Covell determined on a journey and visit to Boston and vicinity. Happily the journal of his excursion is before me in his own loved autograph. It is inserted entire, not expecting however that all its minutia will be interesting to the general reader. But instruction is so blended with narrative, and sentiment so elicited from circumstance, that it would seem a sacrilege to mutilate so beautiful an expression of parental love, so admirable an example of christian ingenuity.

"Pittstown, August 5, 1805.

My dear child:

By the good hand of my God upon me, I have been enabled since I saw you last, to perform a long and in

some respects very uncomfortable journey; and returned home in safety, though in a very feeble state of health.

While absent from home, I formed a design, if it should please God to permit me to return, to make a few extracts from the minutes of my journey and visits, for the perusal of my family, and as you live a distance from home, to put them in a form of a letter to you, and expect it will be a pleasure to you when opportunity will permit, to share with your mother and sisters the pleasure and pain of looking them over. I have selected such parts of my journal as contain all the circumstances which I think can afford you entertainment or instruction. And I pray the Father of mercies to bless the feeble efforts of a parent anxiously solicitous for your present and everlasting welfare.

On Monday morning, the 1st of July, I set out on my long contemplated journey to the metropolis of Massachusetts. Nothing very remarkable happened through the day. The weather was hot, and the roads very dry and dusty, which rendered riding on horse-back very uncomfortable. I was so fatigued and overcome with the heat and dust, that I almost despaired of being able to pursue my journey, and was heartily sorry I had not pursued my intention of going by stage. I had previously agreed to preach with Elder Worden's people the next day at 10 o'clock A. M., and at Savoy at 4 P. M. I expected I should see my old friend, Deacon Carpenter, at one or both of the said meetings, and concluded to ask him for his sulkey to go the journey with, which would be more comfortable for me, and no harder for my horse.

One little circumstance of this evening may possibly afford you some amusement. Last March, I preached an evening sermon at a school-house near Elder Worden's. At the close of worship, a man and his wife who were members of his church, invited me very pressingly

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to go home with them. They appeared to be very worthy christian people, and I would gladly have complied with their request for the sake of forming acquaintance with them, but was previously engaged to go home with the Elder. I did not ask their name, nor hear any one mention it. As I was riding this afternoon, I tho't if there were any way by which I could find them out, I would call and spend the night with them; but how to find them I could not devise, for I knew not what name to enquire for, and consequently had concluded to go and put up at Elder Worden's. About sunset, as I was riding very pensively within about half a mile Elder Worden's, whom should I meet but the very man I had been thinking of. I did not recognize his countenance, but he knew me, and seemed very glad to see me. I asked him if any of Elder Worden's members lived near by, told him if they did, I would put up with them for the night, so as not to burthen the Elder. He answered, with a pleasing candor, that he was so called, though he thought himself a very unworthy member, that I had just passed his house, and if I would turn back and partake of such fare as he had, he would consider it a pleasure to entertain me. I turned back with him, still ignorant of his being the person I wanted to find. After he had put out my horse, he said he had occasion to go a little distance and would return soon. His wife knew me, but I had forgotten her also. We soon fell into conversation, and after a while I mentioned to her the circumstance of the invitation I received last spring, and how glad I should be to see the persons again. She smiled and said, do you think you should know them if you should see them again? I answered, I thought I should. After a little innocent raillery, she informed me that her husband and herself were the very persons I alluded to, and that they were very happy in having the wished for opportunity of

entertaining me. You may well think I was pleased, but I could not help feeling a little mortified. Mr. Brown (for that was his name,) soon returned, and to my joy and surprise, my old friend, Deacon Carpenter, with him. After much agreeable conversation with the Deacon, I made known to him my wish respecting his sulkey.—He very cheerfully consented to let me have it, and Mr. Brown agreed to go in the morning and fetch it for me. The distance was about four miles. Thus all my wishes unexpectedly met their objects.

Tuesday, 2d, went with Deacon Carpenter to Elder Worden's. He was gone to the place where I was to preach. We went on and soon arrived there, as the distance was only about a mile and a half. The meeting was to be at a Mr. Mason's, who was son-in-law to Deacon Carpenter. At a house just by, was a newly married young woman, who was just at the point of death. She was worn out with a lingering consumption. A little before her sickness confined her, the Lord had mercy on her through a precious Redeemer. She was very happy in her mind through her whole sickness, and died in the triumphs of faith. When I called to see her, her strength and voice were so far exhausted, that it was with great difficulty she could articulate, so as to be understood, but among all the persons I ever visited or saw in the moments of approaching dissolution, she was the most understandingly, the most fully, the most sweetly resigned. She said, if it was the Lord's will, she could live ever so long in her feeble, distressed situation, without a murmur, but yet she could not refrain from rejoicing in the prospect of soon leaving this world of sin, to be with her blessed Redeemer. O that the Lord would grant you, my dear daughter, to know the sweet influence of that religion which is able to support the soul in the struggles of dissolving nature! May you, my dear, be ena-

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bled to choose that better part which will preserve you steady and unshaken, through all the vicissitudes of life, and give you that confidence in a dear precious Savior, that when you are called to pass through the gloomy regions of the dark valley of the shadow of death, you may say amid all its terrific horrors, I will fear no evil, for thou shalt be with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

While I beheld this dear child of God, bidding a long, a solemn, but cheerful adieu to this flattering world, and just as it were spreading her celestial pinions, to wing her flight from these shores of mortality and sin, and soar aloft to the mansions of eternal rest, I could almost wish myself in her place. But Oh the thought of leaving behind a number of dear babes, is painful! May a gracious God grant, my dear children may all be prepared through rich and sovereign grace for whatever awaits them in time, and for a glorious immortality.— After solemn prayer with this departing spirit, I took an affectionate and affecting leave of her, till we shall meet in a world of eternal realities. I have been informed since, her faith did not forsake her in the last and trying moment, but she calmly fell asleep in the arms of her beloved Savior. When I parted with her I could not refrain from repeating these appropriate lines,

“Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death’s alarms?

’Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.”

We went to Mr. Mason’s, where Mr. Brown met me with the carriage in which I was to ride the remainder of my journey. The people collected about half past ten, and I preached to them with much freedom of mind, from these precious words, “The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and He will show them his

covenant." The season was truly solemn and impressive. The case of the dear dying woman, was still in my view and I wish it might never be erased.

In the afternoon I rode to Savoy, accompanied by Elder Worden and Deacon Brayton, where I preached again and went home with Deacon Ingram for lodgings. This evening I spent with great satisfaction in the Deacon's family. He has several children grown to maturity, and two young people living with him besides. None of the young people, except one of his daughters, make any profession of religion, but they were all very civil. I made a long evening in conversing with the deacon, his wife and daughter who is a member of the church with them, and at the close was much delighted in hearing the young people of psalm tunes. They were all excellent singers. One of his sons has an excellent bass-viol of his own making, and performs music on it exceedingly well. Here again I must make some reflections. I could not refrain from thinking while I was here, how much more commendable a family of young persons appear, who have been trained up in the habits of sobriety, and who when they want a little recreation, can find full satisfaction in such amusements as are in no wise calculated to raise uncivil or licentious exercise or desires in the youthful mind, than those do who treat all seriousness with total neglect, if not with contempt, and choose such recreations as are calculated to ensnare the mind, and often lead to licentiousness, and terminate in disgrace. And yet how strange! the latter generally think themselves much above the former, and often look upon them with contempt. Such are the mistakes of, I fear, many young people.

Wednesday, 3. I took an early leave at Deacon Ingram's, and pursued my journey through the heat and dust, sometimes almost suffocated, but enjoyed a tolera-

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ble state of health. Nothing remarkable occurred for several days. On the evening of Friday the 5th, I arrived at Mr. Grafton's, a Baptist minister at Newtown, about 8 miles from Boston, where I staid the night. Mr. Grafton was going a long journey, and very earnestly requested me to preach for him on Lord's-day the 14th, to which I consented, but with some reluctance.

Saturday the 6. I rode to Boston, where I arrived about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. I put up at my worthy friend Doctor Baldwin's, where I was joyfully received, and treated with all the attention that politeness, and real christian friendship, could dictate. I spent the afternoon with much satisfaction, and agreed to preach with his people the next day, and at Doctor Stillman's meeting-house in the evening. But Oh how short sighted are poor mortals! how readily elevated with hopes! and how suddenly cast down with fears! I went to bed with every pleasing anticipation that could animate a person in my situation. I rested pretty well the fore part of the night, but as near as I could judge, about 3 o'clock in the morning, I was most violently seized with the cholic. You know I am subject to that complaint, but I never before had it with that degree of severity as now. I was in the most exquisite torture, in an upper room, and no mortal near me, that I could make known my distress to, or ask for any assistance. Racked with pain, and my whole frame distorted with spasms, I for awhile gave up all hopes of ever beholding the face of a fellow creature again on this side eternity. Being among strangers, I was loth to interrupt the repose of the family. I continued in this distressed situation, till about day-break, or a little after, when the urgency of my case removed all scruples from my mind, and I concluded to try to find some person, who might be a witness to my dissolution, which I viewed to be just at hand.

With all the strength I had, it cost me several desperate efforts to get down stairs, though the stair-case was not more than ten feet from my bed. I lay at the foot of the stairs for some minutes revolving in my mind what method to take, to acquaint the family with my situation. A stranger in the house, I knew not what apartment to resort to, where I might find any of them. The awful silence of night was not as yet broken, and all its horrors seemed now to present themselves to my imagination.

Think my child for a moment how your father must feel in such a situation. I never saw a time before, when I thought tears could have been of any use to me; but now, I thought if your dear mother could have been present to soothe me, and my dear Deidamia and her sisters, to weep over me in the pangs of dissolving nature, which I conceived swiftly approaching, it would greatly alleviate my distress. Here I felt, if I am not deceived, the unspeakable satisfaction of an interest in the Friend of the distressed. I most earnestly implored His assistance as I was brought exceeding low, nor did he seem to reject my feeble petition. After lying in this condition awhile, I concluded I would try to rouse the attention of the family. Hoping that by this time some of them were awake, I called aloud, but received no answer. A solemn silence reigned through every part of the house. I then collected all the resolution I was master of, to make what I concluded would be my last effort. With much difficulty, I raised myself from the floor, but could not straighten myself if I might have gained a kingdom. With my hands on my knees to support my tortured body, bowed down with pain, I hobbled from room to room, called at every door, but no human being could I find, (I afterwards found that they all slept above stairs.) I recollected having observed a bed in the Dr.'s study,

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and concluded it was possible he might sleep there, but how to get up stairs again, this was the trying question. I however with much ado, got to the foot of the stairs, and on my hands and knees clambered to the head of them. I then in my stooping attitude, made my way to the door of the study, and called to Doctor Baldwin, who, to my inexpressible joy, heard and answered me. With much difficulty I returned to my bed, after an absence of perhaps half an hour. My strength was completely exhausted, and from the efforts I had made, and the extreme pain I endured, I was almost completely drenched in sweat. The good Doctor reached my bed almost as soon as I did myself. He showed the greatest concern for my situation, and proposed sending for a physician. I objected to this for the present, concluding my case would soon be determined one way or the other. The light of day had now almost entirely chased away the shades of night. Doctor B. hastened to bring me a large dose of castor oil, which I took immediately. He sat awhile by me and with all the tenderness of a sympathizing friend endeavored to soothe my distracted mind. O, I never can forget him. In about an hour my pain began gradually to abate. The oil began after awhile to operate as a cathartic. By 9 o'clock, I was in a great measure relieved from pain, though not wholly so; but O how weak! my appetite for food and everything else but cold water, entirely gone.

Here I must break off my narrative, for a moment, and make a few reflections. How just and holy are the ways of God, how wise are all his counsels, and I may add, how just was this dispensation towards me! You know in some measure, my child, how highly I had calculated on this journey and visit. Without feeling *sufficiently* sensible that all my dependence is on God, I had fondly anticipated nothing but happiness while at Boston. The evening before this sad morning, the Doc-

tor and myself had made a number of arrangements, and he as well as myself, seemed much animated with the prospect before us. We did not dream of disappointment. But alas! a few hours pain, a single touch of the finger of the Almighty, was sufficient to set all our calculations completely afloat, and we were taught with awful emphasis, that man may *appoint*, but God can disappoint. Let us, my dear, learn wisdom from the things we suffer, and, endeavor in all things to be submissive to the will of Him who knows infinitely best how to dispose of us, and all that we prize or enjoy. Let us never suffer ourselves to be elated with any prospect, however pleasing, and however near we may fancy ourselves to the enjoyment; nor to be cast down with any disappointment or affliction, however unexpected or severe. Let us endure all things with that equanimity of mind that becomes rational beings, existing under the all wise government of an infinitely good God, believing that all he sends upon us is for the best, and that all things work for good to them that love him.

To return to my narrative. If the kind wishes, and generous efforts of this dear family and a number of christian friends who came in to see me, could have effected a cure I should have been healed instantaneously, but a higher power was necessary. Diseases flee only at the rebuke of Him, whose all commanding voice the winds and seas obey. I tried, but in vain, to take a little food. Cold water was all I craved, and that they did not think prudent to let me have. A little before ten I retired to my bed for a little repose. I was mostly relieved from pain, but had some considerable fever. But alas, though my nature needed repose, it was far from me. The bells soon announced the appointed hour of public worship. The family, all excepting the waiting woman went to the meeting-house and left me to my

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reflections. I now had leisure to take a serious view of my situation. Almost two hundred miles from home, among entire strangers, afraid to let the worst of my complaint or the real cause of it be known, for fear of giving too great alarm to those who seemed already very deeply affected on my account, I had no other resource but the mercy of that ever blessed God, in whom I have long since placed my only confidence. In the bitterness of my affliction, and anguish of my heart, I poured out my complaint before him, humbly imploring his mercy through a dear, precious Redeemer. A divine smile from His blessed presence, seemed for a moment to overwhelm my heart, to remove all my sorrows, and to absorb all my powers. For a few moments I was lost in admiration of his glorious perfections, and had no will but what might be all expressed in this single phrase—"Thy will be done." O, Damia, what an infinite good God is this. May you my dear child find a refuge for your soul in him.

I caught a momentary refreshment by falling into a gentle slumber, but was soon roused from it by the return of the family from meeting. Doctor B. came to me and enquired with great concern how I was, I told him I felt some better. He asked me if I thought I could preach in the afternoon? I answered him I did not think my strength would admit of it, but I intended to try to go and hear him. I went down and tried to take some dinner, but could not. I soon retired to my bed. The cook, a little afterwards, brought me some excellent water gruel. I sipped about half a pint of it, but without any appetite.

I caught another short doze, and at 3 o'clock got up and went to the meeting-house and heard Doctor B. deliver a very excellent discourse, after which he administered the Lord's supper. My pain gradually returned while I sat in the church, and with it some other complaints. I

returned to Doctor B.'s, had some conversation with several of the brethren who tarried awhile on my account.

I then retired to my bed, but got little or no refreshment. About half past 7, a Mr. Brooks called who was to preach at Dr. Stillman's church, as they had given up all hopes of my preaching for the present. I felt but poorly able to get out, but could not bear to be left behind. On the whole I concluded I would try to go. I went but sat in much pain. After worship I returned to my lodgings, had a little conversation and went to bed. I slept but very little. My pain was returning upon me, and by morning I was in great distress. My fever also returned, harder than it had been. I now felt seriously alarmed. I was determined to hazard one experiment. I left my bed and went down before any of the family were up, took a pint tumbler and went out to the pump which stood just before the door, and drank the tumbler about once and a half full of cold water. I went in and walked the house a few minutes, and then went and covered myself up in bed, and soon fell into a gentle perspiration, and from that into a profound sleep. About two hours after, I awoke, felt quite easy and much encouraged. But when I attempted to get out of bed, I found myself so sore across my bowels, that only a touch of my clothes would almost make me scream. I however put on my clothes and went down, but was in perfect misery. My diet this and the preceding day, was chiefly gruel, which was the only food I could take, and that with very little appetite. About nine o'clock Mr. Chaplain, a young brother in the ministry called to see me. I tried my utmost to be sociable and show as little as possible the effects of my illness. To indulge my restlessness without giving suspicion of the extremity of my case I walked the room almost continually. In short I tried all in my power to feel well, but all to very little purpose.—After Mr. Chaplain took leave, I walked out a little in the

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town with Dr. Baldwin, called at several places, among others at Dr. Stillman's. I was introduced to him with great politeness, and found him a most engaging and agreeable man. After a little conversation, returned to Dr. Baldwin's, where we found Mr. Chaplain waiting for our return. He is one of the most agreeable young men I ever met with. I felt my pain rapidly increasing.—Mr. Chaplain took leave of us to return to Harvard, the place of his residence. I went and lay down on my bed—could not rest. I had some very serious apprehensions that I was going to have either the yellow or the putrid fever, but durst not say a word about it. I arose and tried to write a little, but my pain increased to that degree, that I was obliged to quit that employment and go to bed. I now consented to have a physician sent for. About sunset Dr. Shurtleff called and directed me to take laudanum and essence of peppermint, three times between that and 12 o'clock at night, and if I was not relieved by morning to send for him again. I followed his directions and found some relief, so that the latter part of the night I rested pretty well.

Tuesday, 9. I arose, walked out, felt very weak, but much relieved from pain; but still my appetite was very poor and my voice almost gone. I took a little food, and 8 o'clock went on board a lighter, with a number of the brethren who were going to sail out for pleasure, and to take a few fish. We had a fine day, sailed about 5 or 6 leagues, returned part of the way and went ashore on an island, where they cooked some of the fish they had taken, and made a fine dinner for such as had an appetite for food, but that was not the case with me, or at most my appetite was but feeble. After dining, we went on board and returned to Boston a little after sunset. I felt much refreshed by this day's exercise,—perhaps the sea-air had some effect on me for the better. My

spirits were gradually rising. In the evening I preached a short discourse from Gal. ii, 20: "And the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." This was the first attempt I had made to preach in Boston. I felt much fatigued and retired early.

Wednesday, 10. Arose this morning tolerably refreshed, walked out and took the morning air, conversed freely with Dr. Baldwin and others. I began to feel a little more like being sociable, but still had but very little appetite for food. I tried to appear as cheerful as possible through the day, but felt considerable pain, at turns, and all the while very weak. At evening went to the meeting-house accompanied by Dr. Baldwin, Dr. Stillman, Mr. Brooks of Boston, and Mr. Collier of Charlestown, and preached to a large audience, from Prov. viii, 20, 21. I found when I came to speak that my strength was very much impaired. After meeting, the above mentioned ministers called and sat a few minutes with me, and I agreed to preach at Charlestown the next evening. I was very unwell through the night. At 2 o'clock next day, I went, accompanied by Dr. Baldwin and dined with Dr. Stillman. After dinner, and some very agreeable conversation, returned to Dr. Baldwin's, and soon after walked over to Charlestown with a brother Alcott; went to Mr. Collier's and spent the remainder of the afternoon very pleasantly. In the evening Dr. Baldwin and Mr. Brooks came over and we all went to the meeting, where I preached with great freedom, from Isaiah xxxii, 2. I felt really refreshed by speaking. Went home with Mr. Collier and took lodgings. But wearisome nights were still appointed unto me. I arose on Friday, 12th, felt but poorly, my old complaint seemed returning. Mr. Collier walked out with me to view the monument where the brave General Warren was killed

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in battle at the beginning of the late war. The sight of this consecrated monument occasioned some very melancholy reflections on that depravity which has cost so many thousands of valuable lives, and excited some earnest desires for that auspicious morning to open upon the world, when war shall be known no more. After breakfast Mr. Collier walked out with me again to see the State's Prison that is building here. The awful ideas that presented themselves to my mind, while viewing those awful vaults for the confinement of criminals, baffle all the power of language to describe. The whole work is of massy stone, laid in lime and sand, and made strong beyond conception. All the doors are composed of huge bars of iron, bolted together in the strongest manner. The building is three and some part of it four stories high, and nothing but stone work from the bottom to the top. Methinks it might be a sufficient antidote to villany, only to go and view those awful cells, some of them calculated for one, some for two, and some for more persons, but all of them sufficiently strong to baffle all hope of an escape when once confined in them.— After viewing this awful mansion of the sons of dissipation, I took an affectionate leave of Mr. Collier and returned to Dr. Baldwin's, where I had a most agreeable interview with the standing Committee of the Missionary Society. We conversed at large on the importance of the object, and the encouraging prospect before us. The Committee passed several resolutions respecting the future operations of the missionary business. About 5 o'clock this afternoon, I took up my horse and rode out to Col. Dana's, at Newton. Here it seemed as if I had got into a new world. Away from the noise and stifling crowd of the city, in a pure atmosphere, with good and wholesome water, I almost forgot that I had been sick.— I found a kind and most pleasant family, and made my

stay here till Lord's-day, the 14th, when I went with them to Mr. Grafton's meeting-house, and preached two discourses from John vii, 17. Returned and took tea with Col. Dana, and rode back to Boston and preached to a large concourse of people, from 1 Samuel xii, 24. I now felt my health so far restored that I could preach without being very much fatigued. This evening I had much freedom in preaching, and it was a very solemn time. After worship I returned to Dr. Baldwin's, where Dr. Stillman, Mr. Bolles of Salem, and Mr. Brooks called, and after a few moments agreeable conversation, they all bade an affectionate adieu and retired.

Monday, 15, rose early and felt much refreshed.—Spent the greater part of the forenoon in visiting at several places, especially at Mr. Alcott's, who showed me many tokens of christian respect and generosity. About 1 o'clock I went to Mr. Bingham's where I had engaged to dine. Mr. Bingham* was not at home, but Mrs. Bingham had showed me many tokens of politeness and respect, during my stay in town. Hearing of my illness, she sought me out, and came a considerable distance on foot to see me several times, and showed the most friendly solicitude for my recovery. After dinner, and some agreeable conversation, she handed me a choice volume for myself, and the valuable present for you. I then took leave of her, and returned to Mr. Alcott's—took leave of him and his family—returned to Dr. Baldwin's, and after entering into some mutual engagements respecting missionary affairs, we took a solemn and affectionate leave of each other, little expecting ever to meet again till we meet in eternity. I now set out for Providence. I felt deeply affected on leaving Boston, a place where I had

* Mr. Caleb Bingham, well known as author of the American Preceptor, Columbian Orator, &c., and many years an extensive book-seller in Boston. He had been at Mr. Covell's house in Pittstown the year before.

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in a little time endured much pain and affliction, but had also enjoyed much satisfaction, and had received many tokens of christian love and generosity. A place where I left many dear, precious, and worthy brethren and friends. I spent the night with Mr. Grafton's family, at Newton.

Tuesday, 16. Rode to Elder Reed's, in Attleborough, who received me joyfully. I tarried the night at his house.

Wednesday, 17. Elder Reed accompanied me to Providence. We arrived there about 12 o'clock—went to a Presbyterian ordination, and heard a discourse on the occasion, from Dr. Elliot of Boston. Towards evening, Mr. Channing, a young minister from Boston, preached a very good sermon at Mr. Wilson's meeting-house.—Here I met with Elder Cornell and his wife, I had no doubt with mutual joy. Here I was introduced to Mr. Gano, Mr. Pittman, and Mr. Jones, all Baptist ministers; and to Mr. Messer, who is also a Baptist minister and President of the University. They all treated me with the utmost friendship and cordiality, and the people in general showed me many tokens of generous friendship. Mr. Brown, in particular, seemed to express all that human language is capable of expressing, and to give his language emphasis—made me a present of ten dollars. I staid almost a week in this place—preached seven times in town, and once at Pawtucket, about 4 miles distant.—My visit here was peculiarly agreeable, and I enjoyed great freedom in preaching. There is a very powerful work of grace going on here, and in many of the adjacent towns and neighborhoods. It afforded me peculiar pleasure to see numbers of the dear youth setting out in early life to serve the Lord, with souls on fire with divine love. Oh, Damia, shall I ever be so happy as to see you and your dear sisters, like these young people,

forsaking the vanities of this deceitful world, and embracing that sweet religion, which alone can make you happy in time or eternity?

On the morning of Tuesday 23, having bid my friends an affectionate adieu, I set out for home. I arrived this evening at Elder Dodge's in Lebanon, Connecticut. I preached with his people, and tarried with him, till 1 o'clock P. M. of the next day. Here also is a precious work of the Lord among the people. From Lebanon I rode to Hartford, where I preached at Deacon Bolls', and took lodgings at Deacon Robins'.

Thursday, 25. I rode through Suffield—called to see a number of your mother's relations, and put up at Mr. Hasting's in Westfield.

Friday, 26. Rode to Cheshire, and lodged at Mr. Bliss'.

Saturday morning, I rose early, intending to ride home, but to my surprise and disappointment my horse was lame and could not travel. Necessity obliged me to stay with them over the Sabbath. I felt very uneasy, but was obliged to submit to the will of Providence. We had a very comfortable meeting on Lord's-day, 28th, and I have reason to be thankful that the Lord made my poor efforts effectual in comforting his dear people in this place.

Monday, 29. My horse was still lame, but not so much so as on Saturday. I took leave of my friends, and by riding part of the way, and walking the other part, I arrived home, to my inexpressible joy, about 5 in the afternoon, and found your dear mother and children all well.

Thus I have given you some account of a long, fatiguing, though very agreeable journey. And now, my dear child, I wish you to receive the instruction of a father, and while the perusal of my narrative may excite your filial sympathy, for a parent struggling thro' scenes

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of fatigue and sickness, let it be a lesson to teach you the uncertainty of all earthly felicity, and may you be so happy as to put your only trust in that Almighty *Friend*, who is the only support, and the only hope of your affectionate father.

LEMUEL COVELL.

Deidamia Covell, at Hoosic Falls.

Important results arose from this detention, so unpleasant to Mr. Covell at the time. The people at Cheshire felt that he had been sent to them by the providence of their Heavenly Father, that he was just the man they needed, and they must obtain him if possible. But he was bound in spirit as well as by appointment, to revisit the scenes of his former toils and hopes, and did not feel at liberty to enter into any other engagement at that time. He however frankly told the committee that waited on him, his situation in Pittstown, and that he could not think of leaving his charge there, without fulfilling the compact he had entered into with them. Cheshire was a kind of "*Goshen*" among the towns, and the people had become wealthy. On learning the terms upon which only Mr. Covell was to be obtained, they felt much the spirit of Jacob, when the seven years which he served for Rachel seemed but few days unto him on account of the love he bore her. So to raise the \$700, to effect Mr. Covell's liberation, seemed a light thing unto them, if they might but secure him unto themselves. The matter however was to sleep until after he should have accomplished his mission to the west.

He set out on his mission, towards the last of August, and returned in the early part of March following. Of the several letters he sent home during his absence, none are now to be obtained. It is well recollected, however, that they were rich with report of his varied labors and success. Some of the immediate results of the mission are recorded in the minutes of the Association of the fol-

lowing June. One event, however, of no small importance to the parties concerned, will not be found on the pages of the minutes. On arriving at the Indian station, Mr. Covell found his red friends in much trouble and agitation. A woman was about to be executed, burned alive, as a witch. Some of the chiefs and head men were displeased with the sentence, and determined that it should not go into effect. They were on the verge of civil war, when Mr. Covell arrived. He met in council with them on the subject. He showed them the fallacy of believing in witchcraft, the absurdity of the idea that human beings held occult intercourse with the devil in person, so that by his power they were able to foretell future events, to annoy their fellow creatures and do them harm. He made it apparent to them, that it was the Author of the Universe alone who governed it; and that he governed it by a system of love. That he had manifested that love in various ways, but in nothing so much as in the great plan of Redemption. That instead of taking vengeance upon us when we had rebelled against him—had become enemies to him by wicked works, and justly incurred his righteous displeasure,—he had given his only son to suffer in our stead, that we through his merits might be pardoned and restored to the divine favor. And that if God had so loved us, we ought also to love one another. And as God for his son's sake had forgiven us our great trespasses, so ought we in like manner to forgive our fellow creatures their trespasses against us. That wars and contentions and strifes were contrary to the mind of the Holy Spirit, and that if we would enjoy the smiles of our Heavenly Father, and rejoice the hearts of those that love him, we should listen to the Gospel of his dear Son, and be kind one to another.

The poor savages were melted by the exhibition of God's wonderful love, and unmerited kindness. The

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execution was abandoned, the poor prisoner set free, the hostile chiefs reconciled, and the whole community rejoiced. They thanked their dear father Covell, for the pains he had taken to come and see them, and for the good words he had spoken to them. They thanked the Great Spirit for putting it into the hearts of his white children, to remember their poor benighted red brethren. They hoped their fathers would not be discouraged with them, because some of them had done wrong, for it was still their desire to be led into all truth, and to walk in the good way.*

He remained with them and his dear brother Holmes, if I remember right, about three weeks. They made him several presents, as tokens of their gratitude and regard.

The application from the church in Cheshire, was renewed soon after his return, and eventually he bade farewell to his beloved flock in Pittstown, and moved with his family to Cheshire, in April. He had sojourned in Pittstown something more than seven years, and through all his vicissitudes, had ever enjoyed the entire confidence of his church and people. There was one instance, and only one, that has ever come to the writer's knowledge, when a part of his congregation felt dissatisfied. It was on account of a fourth of July oration. Politics as usual ran high, and opposite parties were bitter against each other. In that day they were designated by the terms "federal" and "anti-federal." It was not in Mr. Covell's nature to be an *inactive* member of any thing. He espoused the anti-federal principles, and though he never descended to electioneering, he used, as occasion seemed to require, to express himself freely on

*I wrote this account as I received it, second or third handed, but I have since been told, that the U. S. Agent for the Indians was also there, and that to convince them of the fallacy of their belief, he took some of the stuff they pretended the woman had used to bewitch people, and ate it before their eyes.

the subject, and render a reason for the opinion that was in him. Of course his political sentiments were generally known. I will not aver exactly as to the date, but I believe in 1803, he was selected as orator of the day at the celebration of the national festival. Some expressions in the address, gave umbrage to those of the opposite sentiment. But the impression, except in a very few instances, was not lasting. The oration was published by request of the committee of arrangements, but it has probably long since been numbered among the things that are not.

Mr. Covell was decidedly the champion of the cause of education, and intellectual improvement. He ever exerted himself to obtain the best of teachers in his district school, frequently making great sacrifice to accomplish the object.

By his exertions mostly, a town library was got up, and so long as he resided there, and performed the office of librarian, it was well sustained. In his church he had enjoyed union and peace. There was not at any period of his connection with them, what might, in the language of the day, be called a "great reformation." But each year, as it passed, was marked with expressions of divine approbation. Their returns, as found on the minutes of the Association, show an annual increase of numbers by baptism. Their mutual accounts were now to be sealed up to the day of final adjudication; and whatever may have been faults on either side, if any there were, there is just ground to hope, that many of his flock in Pittstown, will ultimately be found as stars in the crown of his rejoicing.

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CHAPTER VI.

Pastoral enjoyments; Session of 1806 peculiarly interesting; Extracts from the minutes; Third appointment to Canada; General meeting; Last leave; Letters and Poem, Sickness; Death; Affliction and Mourning in many places; Funeral Poem; Personal description; Kindness of the people; Uncommon trait of character; Summary view and consequent reflections.

He commenced his pastoral duties in Cheshire under circumstances most auspicious. The love which the people had felt at first, was deepening with every revolving week. The utmost harmony and brotherly love, subsisted between him and his ministering brethren then on the ground.

Elder Ephraim Sawyer had spent part of the winter with the people, and did not remove his residence for several months.

Elder Leland, the former pastor, returned from Virginia, soon after Mr. Covell's arrival, purchased a farm and settled down as a permanent resident of the place. He had ever felt that it was his peculiar lot "to preach and baptize, and that breaking of bread and church government, were not laid upon *him*," [his own words,] so that he and his brother Covell were not in each other's way, but rather helpmeets one to another.

The Association convened in Troy that year. The session was peculiarly interesting, and especially so to Mr. Covell. His only *own* brother, Deacon Seth Covell since of Saratoga, was there. His friends, Elder Cornell, and Elder Stephen Gano, of Providence, R. I., were also there, and the latter moderator of the session. And to

him who had watched over the interests of the church in that place, with paternal solicitude, it was no light matter of enjoyment to see how the pleasure of the Lord had prospered among them. When he first became acquainted with them in 1799, they were a small and feeble band, with only a private room fitted up to hold meetings in. But now, they were 76 in number, with a settled pastor, Elder Webb. They had completed a large and commodious house for public worship, and had a highly respectable congregation. They who had so recently required aid, were now both able to provide for themselves, and to impart aid to others. Truly the banner over them had been love. No wonder that in the overflowing of his heart he was ready both to give and receive the exhortation, "therefore be ye always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Extracts from the minutes of the annual festival, will best show the doings of the interview and the interim.

6. The following Report was received from the Missionary Committee. "Your Committee, charged with missionary affairs, beg leave to report, that during the past year, we have received 172 dolls. 41 cts. which added to 40 dolls. 3½ cts. the surplus remaining in the Treasury at our last meeting, amounts to 212 dolls. 44½ cts. That we have employed Elder Jonathan Finch three months, as a missionary, for which services we have paid him 50 dollars. That we have employed our brother Lemuel Covell, six months, as a missionary; for which we have paid him 100 dollars. That 3 dolls. have been laid out for the printing of a number of copies of a Plan or Constitution of a Missionary Society—amounting, in the whole, to 153 dollars, leaving a surplus in the Treasury of 59 dolls. 44½ cts. as appears per Treasurer's Report.

"That brother Finch has made a Report to this Committee, of his travels through a part of the State of Vermont, and the settlements in this State, on the west of Lake Champlain. That the said report of brother Finch has met our cordial approbation, and impressed us with the importance of continuing missionary labors in those parts, if practicable. That brother Covell has made a report of his travels and labors through the western parts of this State, and in the Province of Upper Canada, both among the white people and Indians. That his report has also met our approbation, and confirms us in the belief, that we have increasing encouragement to use our utmost efforts to send missionaries into those parts. Both the said missionary brethren have letters addressed to the Association, to which, and to their verbal statements, we refer you for further particulars on this subject.

"Your Committee beg leave further to report, that at our last meeting we appointed a Committee to draw up a Plan of a Missionary Society; that they have drawn up such a Plan, and that a number of copies of said Plan have been printed, to which we refer you. That at our present meeting, a Committee from the Saratoga Association have attended with us for the purpose of uniting their efforts with ours in promoting the missionary interest; and that the two Committees have mutually agreed to recommend to both the Associations to unite their strength in pursuing that object for the present.

By order of Committee,

LEMUEL COVELL, *Clerk.*

Troy, June 3, 1806."

The foregoing report was accepted, and the missionary brethren, Finch and Covell, called upon to present the letters alluded to, and to give some more particular accounts of the state of things where they had travelled—

which they did, greatly to the satisfaction of the Association. Brother Finch presented two letters, from the churches at Plattsburgh and Peru—thanking the Association for sending a missionary into those parts, and requesting the continuation of such favors. Brother Covell presented a letter from the church at Charlotteville, in Upper Canada, manifesting their gratitude for past favors, and earnestly requesting like favors in future; and especially, that a permanent missionary might be sent into that country. He also presented a letter from a church which was formed at Townsend, in the same country, while he was there last fall—requesting admission into the Association, and corroborating the request of the church at Charlotteville, respecting the continuation of missionary labors in that country. The said church at Townsend was cordially and joyfully received into the Association.

Brother Covell also presented a written talk from the Tuscarora Indians, expressing their thanks for the notice we have taken of their nation, in sending our missionaries and our friendly talks to them from time to time, and requesting us to enter into a covenant of friendship and brotherhood with them: this talk was accompanied by three strings of wampum, as a token of their friendship, and as a confirmation, on their part, of such a covenant. The interesting account brother Covell gave of the state of that nation, the contents of their friendly letter, and the emphatical token of their friendship, expressed by the strings of wampum, occasioned tears of joy and gratitude—and at the same time the strongest emotions of pity towards our poor brethren in the desert. The wampum was presented by brother Covell, in the name of the Tuscarora nations of Indians, and received by the Moderator, in behalf of the Shaftsbury Association, as the confirmation of a lasting friendship.

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7. After hearing the foregoing report, and the documents accompanying it, together with the verbal accounts of our missionaries—

Resolved, unanimously, That this Association do cordially approve of the doings of our Committee, and the labors of our brethren, Finch and Covell, as reported; and that we will do all in our power to promote the good work which has hitherto been attended with so great a blessing; and, in order to carry this resolution into effect, we do appoint Elders Blood, Hull, Webb, Peck, Kendrick and Covell—and brethren Upham, Rouse, Hendrix, West, Choat and Rogers, our Missionary Committee for the ensuing year.

8. *Resolved,* That suitable answers be sent, by our next missionaries, to the several letters received from different places; and in particular, that brother Covell prepare an answer to the talk from the Tuscaroras, and present to-morrow for inspection.

9. Adjourned, to meet to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock. Sermon this evening by brother Gano, from Heb. xii, 1, 2.

12. The letter to the Tuscarora Indians was read, approved, and ordered to be sent them by brother Covell, next fall.

13. *Resolved,* That brother Covell provide a staff,* and bear it, with said letter, to the Tuscaroras, as a token of our friendship, and as a confirmation, on our part, of the covenant of friendship and brotherhood confirmed on their part by the strings of wampum.

16. Appointed brethren Webb, Blood and Covell, as a Committee to publish the whole of our correspondence with the Tuscarora nation of Indians, as soon as they

*To which was afterward added, by Mr. Covell's suggestion, a tobacco box and pipe, of silver.

shall think advisable, after collecting the necessary materials.

17. *Resolved*, To request the Saratoga Association to appoint a Committee, to meet with ours at their next meeting, to direct in applying the money collected for missionary purposes.

The Committee charged with Missionary Contributions, avail themselves of this opportunity to inform our ministers, churches, brethren, and friends in general, that besides the money comprehended in the foregoing schedule, we are authorized to set down 50 dollars as a present from Elder Stephen Gano, of Providence, (R. I.) to our fund. We hope it will not be taken amiss, if, while we acknowledge our grateful obligations to him for this noble act of generosity, we beseech all such as feel interested in the second petition of the Lord's Prayer, to imitate this worthy example of Christian benevolence!

We have appointed our next meeting of business, to be held at Cheshire, the day before the next meeting of the Association, at 1 o'clock, P. M. at the house of Capt. Jonathan Richardson.

The correspondence, alluded to in Article 16, was never published, and, thus far, has the writer of this sought in vain for the documents brought forward at that session. They are gone with many other interesting papers once in Mr. Covell's keeping, but blessed be the Lord for his kindness in sparing to us so much. Mr. Covell again accepted the appointment of missionary for three months. It was thought & expected by many, that he would spend this first year of his new pastorate, with his own people; but his heart was toward the heathen of the wilderness, and the dear waiting churches so recently planted in Canada.

Closing paragraph of the corresponding letter, by Elder Kendrick.

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"This pleasing anniversary which we trust has been attended with a sweet savor unto God, brings us nigher the great assembly above, where we hope ere long to meet you all in person. 'Till then, you will receive our Letters and Messengers as tokens of love.

STEPHEN GANO, *Moderator.*

Mr. Covell had been duly appointed Clerk at this session, but he had filled that office so many successive years that he declined signing his name at the close of the Minutes, "lest," said he, "the public should begin to think there is but one man in the Association that can perform the duty."

In preparing the Minutes, he says, in P. S., "since our last, our aged, worthy, and beloved brother and fellow laborer in the Gospel, Elder Clark Rogers, of Hancock, has been called from the field of labor, we hope, to the royal palace of eternal rest. May God help us to be also ready."

The summer passed pleasantly on among his people in pastoral and devotional visits. About the middle of July he came out to Troy again on business connected with the Associational concerns, and took home with him his eldest daughter who had been attending Elder Kendrick's school at Lansingburgh, and who had never yet seen the new home in Cheshire.

Pleasant as was the school, and the situation, still the prospect of again enjoying that intimacy of communion with which her dear father had ever honored her, was pleasanter far. During the few remaining weeks of his stay at home, she was indulged to be almost his constant companion, both in his study, and his visitings. Frequently, during the lapse of those few days of happiness,*

* "Might those few happy days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart,—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might;—

he would say to her & the younger sisters, "come daughters, let us sing the hymn, "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness."

It was a custom among the Baptist ministers, of Berkshire county, and vicinity, to meet once a year and preach in concert, or rather in succession at the meeting house of some one specified by previous appointment—and so yearly onward in the circle, giving each church in its turn, a share in the annual festival. "The General Meeting," as it was called, was this year to be held with Mr. Covell's church at Cheshire. It was not customary for the resident minister to preach on such occasions, but at this interview, and on the last day of the feast, which was the Sabbath, it was unanimously agreed, "that brother Covell must preach the closing sermon." He preached with Elder Worden's people, on Stafford's hill, in the morning, and in the afternoon according to request he occupied his own pulpit. The text from which he spake is not recollected, but the effect of the sermon upon the audience can never be forgotten. It was known that he was to depart on his mission, the next morning, and this gave added interest to whatever fell from his lips. The house was crowded to overflowing, still silence reigned, and a consciousness of the Divine presence pervaded the assembly. At the close of the sermon, he sang with all his appropriateness of look and gesture, though with thrilling tone and deep emotion, the

MINISTER'S FAREWELL.

1. Farewell my brethren in the Lord,
The gospel sounds a jubilee;
My stam'ring tongue shall sound aloud,
From land to land, from sea to sea;
And as I preach from place to place,
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

But no, what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,—
That I should ill requite thee to constrain,
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again."—*Cowper.*

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2. Farewell in bonds, and union dear;
Like strings you twine about my heart;
I humbly beg your earnest pray'r,
Till we shall meet no more to part—
Till we shall meet in worlds above,
Encircled in eternal love.

3. Farewell my earthly friends below,
Tho' all so kind and dear to me;
My Jesus calls and I must go
To sound the gospel jubilee—
To sound the joys, and bear the news,
To Gentile worlds and royal Jews.

4. Farewell young people one and all;
While God shall grant me breath to breathe,
I'll pray to the eternal all,
That your dear souls in Christ may live—
That your dear souls prepar'd may be,
To reign in bliss eternally!

5. Farewell to all below the sun;
And as I pass in tears below,
The path is straight my feet shall run;
And God will keep me as I go—
And God will keep me in his hand,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

6. Farewell, farewell! I look above;
Jesus my friend to thee I call;
My joy, my crown, my only love,
My safeguard here, my heav'nly all,
My theme to preach, my song to sing,
My only joy till death—amen.

Before the close of the hymn, the silence was broken by sobs from many a bosom impossible longer to repress the swelling emotion. "And they sorrowed most of all for the words which he spake that they should see his face no more."

The next morning his brother preachers dismounted at his door to bid him farewell. His own horse stood

ready saddled and equipped for him to depart after the expected call. The morning worship in which all united, as may well be supposed, was touched with unusual solemnity and fervor. After prayers they all rose to their feet, and standing sang the "garden hymn."

While the last stanza* was sounding, the dear brother of their hearts and hopes and prayers, took every individual by the hand with a look that reflected the inward radiance from the excellent glory. With the closing of the strain, they went silently out and departed. We might have known it was the last meeting, the last parting; such seasons come not twice. Nothing remained but to give his trembling family the parting kiss, the last adieu,† and go. About six weeks after his departure, his family received the following letter:

To Mrs. Clarissa Covell, Cheshire, Berkshire Co. Mass.

Tuscarora Village, 27th Sept. 1806.

My dearly beloved Wife and children:

I now, for the first time, sit down to write you, and inform you of my safe arrival in this place, and present comfortable state of health.

I arrived here, last Lord's day morning—found Mr. and Mrs. Holmes in comfortable health, and the red people all well. I heard Mr. Holmes preach to them in the forenoon, and in the afternoon delivered them a short discourse myself. The sachems and their people received me with tokens of joy and satisfaction. I informed them, after public worship, that I had a talk and present for them from our Association, and should be glad to know when it would be agreeable to them to meet in

*"Now here's my heart and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more."

†"Dear parent, was it such? it was, where thou art gone,
Adieu and farewells are a sound unknown."—*Cowper.*

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order to have them delivered. They agreed to meet the next day for that purpose.

Accordingly, on Monday, the 22d inst. they assembled, and I delivered them the talk, which was interpreted to them in due form.

I then presented them the staff, pipe, and box of tobacco, and explained to them the meaning of the several significant engravings on each of them. They appeared highly pleased, and some of them quite transported with these presents.

Immediately after the ceremonies of delivering and explaining these articles, the sachem filled the pipe with tobacco out of the box, and all present being seated in a circle around the council fire, smoked in the silver pipe in token of our mutual friendship. I must confess it would have added much to my pleasure on the occasion, for my dear Clarissa to have been a participant in this friendly feast of smoking. While we were smoking, the pipe and box were handed round from one to the other, till each individual had taken and viewed them. The sachems then according to their usual custom, thanked me, and the Association for our goodwill to their nation, and the council fire was covered up for the present.

The occurrences of my journey have not been materially different from those of former journeys, only that I have performed this much quicker than either of the former.

I called at Worcester, and made your sisters, Tirzah and Polly, a visit, preached there the first Lord's day after I left home. They were in tolerable health, but they had heard, though not so directly as to be depended on, that their brother Thomas Mather is deceased. I have not heard it confirmed, but I fear it is true, for it has been very sickly in the region where he lived the year past. I have enjoyed and still enjoy an unusually good

state of health for *me*, and feel no apprehensions on account of *my* health, though thousands should die around *me*. I have the promise of God, that I shall live as long as he has any work for me to do, and I have no desire to live a moment longer. I have always found and still find, the climate of this country very congenial to my health, and this circumstance at times, speaks in my ears louder than thunder—doubtless you understand my meaning—and I pray God, I may understand and not resist the meaning of his providence !

I have not yet been across the river into Upper Canada, but have seen some of the people from that side. Understand my friends in general are all well in those parts. I expect, if the Lord will, to cross the river next Wednesday, and make my way to Long Point. I expect the company of Elder Holmes till I reach the Grand River, and that of Elder Irish through the journey. I shall return here, perhaps, by the middle of October—shall write you again soon after my return to this place.

I entertain hopes you will have written me before you receive this, but if you have not it will be needless for you to write afterwards, as there will be the utmost uncertainty whether I receive it. No occurrence has yet raised a doubt of my being able to return at the time appointed.

I have left several appointments, as I came along, for preaching on my return, in order to lay myself under a necessity not to stay too long here; for I confess, that unless something much stronger than my inclinations should impel me to it, I never should leave this country till the imperious summons should call me away from these mortal shores to that bright world from which, blessed be God, there is no return."

* * * * *

"Mrs. Holmes sends her love to you all, and her best wishes for your welfare. Give my love to all our breth-

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ren, friends and neighbors without distinction. And believe me to be, my dear wife and children, your faithful husband and affectionate father,

LEMUEL COVELL.

The following is an extract from another letter of the same date, to his friend, Elder S. Gano, of Providence, R. I.

Tuscarora Village, Sept. 27, 1806.

Very dear friend and brother:

The day before I set out on my journey, as I came out of the meeting house, your welcome favor was handed me. With anxious pleasure I perused it, and felt my heart refreshed anew by its contents. What I have to communicate at this time, forbids my dwelling long on the heartfelt pleasure it afforded me. Suffice it to say, if the tardiness of the wheels of your waited for carriage, was matter of joy to you, the swiftness of those of the mail stage, were equally so to me; for if twenty-four hours more had elapsed before its arrival, it would have deprived me of one material article of pleasure on my long and fatiguing journey. I carefully deposited your letter with some papers I intended to take with me, and have enjoyed peculiar satisfaction in re-perusing it since I left home.

But I *must* proceed. I arrived in this loved village, on the morning of Lord's day, 21st inst. Found our dear worthy friends, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, in comfortable health, and in as good spirits as the nature of circumstances will possibly admit. I think, however, that dear Mrs. Holmes is not without some uncomfortable apprehensions of what may take place in future. They have had a trying scene, but I believe have been divinely supported hitherto. How peculiarly precious that divine promise, Lo I am with you alway! Let the dear servant of Christ but realize its glorious contents, and feel

conscious he is in his blessed Master's work, and it is enough. That our worthy Elder Holmes enjoys that pleasure in the midst of his trials, is beyond a doubt in my mind." These trials arose mainly from circumstances connected with an attempt to supplant Mr. Holmes, and secure the ground under a different influence. They are detailed in the letter before us, but as they do not properly come within the scope of this work, they are omitted.

About the same time, and probably while there at the "loved village," he wrote the following lines. They appeared after his decease, in the Magazine published at Cazenovia, by the Rev. John Peck, the present distinguished Agent of the New-York State Baptist Convention, &c. The Publisher gave them the name of the

"ASPIRATION."

"One happy evening calm and bright
The world stood silent by,
My muse arose and took her flight
To reach the lofty sky.

My soul on airy pinions flew,
And joyful clapt her wings,
And soared aloft to take a view
Of sweet, celestial things.

Thro' climes and worlds before unknown,
She reached the happy plains,
Where on a high, majestic throne,
My smiling Jesus reigns.

There the eternal Father sits ;
And there the sacred Dove ;
All meaner joy my soul forgets,
To take her fill of love.

There hymning seraphs chant their songs,
With ever new delight,
There I beheld angelic throngs,
In robes divinely bright.

There saints in countless numbers be,
Who once were here below,
Complaining pilgrims like to me,
Now freed from all their woe.

No more they mourn a languid frame,
Nor fears nor foes prevail ;
Their love breaks out in quenchless flame ;
Their joys can never fail.

Their harps can never be unstrung,
So near the Great Supreme ;
I listened to the notes they sung,
And Jesus was their theme.

They at the fountain head of bliss,
Drink ever fresh supplies ;
No joy to be compared with this,
That's found beneath the skies.

Why must I grovel here below,
Where sin and sorrow meet,
And scarce a drop of comfort know,
While theirs is bliss complete.

Yet, happy souls, I would not ask
To take your seats above ;
I am unequal to your task
Of service, praise and love.

Beneath your feet some humble place,
Will set my heart at rest ;
Only the nearer Jesus' face,
The more divinely blest.

My all dependent on his smiles,
And centered in his love ;
Not earth nor hell with all their wiles
Shall e'er my soul remove.

I'll wait my heavenly Father's will,
And stay till He shall please,
My warmest wishes to fulfil,
And grant a sweet release.

Then I'll recline my weary head,
And bid the world adieu;
And leave my flesh among the dead,
To love and sing with you."

And soon, probably much sooner than he expected, his heavenly Father *did* please,—“his warmest wishes to fulfil, and grant a sweet release.” He crossed over to the Canada side, as he had contemplated, and proceeded about forty miles to the town of Clinton, county of Lincoln, and put up at the house of a Baptist brother and friend, Mr. Beam. Whether Mr. Holmes and Mr. Irish were in company with him at this time, is not known to the writer; but it appears from subsequent information that Mr. Irish proceeded onward, and was unaware that his brother Covell was sick or at least dangerously so at the time. He was attacked by the typhus fever—was sick about a fortnight, and partially recovered,—the fever returned upon him, and in a very few days laid his poor weary, way-worn body to rest in the bosom of its parent earth.

“But O the soul that never dies,
When once it leaves the clay;
Ye thoughts pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.”

During the first stage of his sickness, he spake often of his family, as though it would have been a satisfaction to be with them while he was sick. Not, however, that he lacked for suitable attention. The good people, in whose house he was, felt that it was a great privilege to have him with them; and they ministered unto him with all the kindness and care in their power, and procured the best medical advice to be obtained in that region. After the relapse of the fever, it was evident that he could not survive. Saying nothing himself about his family, he was asked if he had any anxiety respecting them? he replied,—“Not any, I have given them up

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to the Lord." His strength soon failed, so that he could not speak above a whisper. The last words that could be distinguished in connection were some stanzas from Dr. Watts:—

*" This life 's a dream, an empty show,
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there ?*

*O glorious hour, O blest abode,
I shall be near, and like my God,
And flesh, and sin, no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.*

After this, it was impossible to distinguish his words connectively, but from what was gathered, it was evident that his spirit was absorbed in prayer for the extension and glory of Christ's kingdom on the earth; and on the morning of the Sabbath, Oct. 19, 1806, he thus literally breathed out his soul into the bosom of his God, and doubtless was admitted by him to attend divine worship, in his more immediate presence, not indeed in an earthly sanctuary, but in the heaven of heavens, the holy of holies. Hath the infidel a death bed, a prospect, a reality like this? "O that men were wise, that they would consider their latter end."

Elder Irish thus speaks of this mournful event, in a letter which was published, I believe, in the Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Magazine:

"At a meeting in Charlottesville, I heard that my dear brother Covell was dangerously ill: I therefore concluded to leave them, and go and see him and then return again. The attention appeared so great in many places that I could not think it duty to leave them finally at the present. Accordingly, on Wednesday, I set out, accompanied by two brethren. We were at this time about 40 miles from the place where brother Covell was sick. We rode

until we came within 20 miles of the place, when we heard he was dead and buried! Oh, how my poor heart felt! I was left among strangers, almost 300 miles from home, and one of the most dear and intimate friends I ever had, taken away in such an unexpected time. But the Judge of all the earth has done, and will do right. Brother Covell had done his work, and went off in the triumphs of faith. We came to the place next morning, and found Elder Holmes engaged in preaching his funeral sermon; and a solemn time it was. After sermon we attended to settling brother Covell's business, and the next day set out on our return to Townsend, where we arrived the day following, and found the church met together; and when we informed them of brother Covell's death, the whole assembly seemed most deeply affected. It appears that this church was mostly the fruit of his labors in his former visits. When he was with them the last year, he assisted in their constitution. I think I can truly say that there never has been any preacher in these parts more highly and more universally esteemed than he was; and a greater and more universal lamentation I never heard in any place for any man, than in Upper Canada for him. But alas! he is gone. May God grant that, like Samson, he may slay more at his death than he has in all his life. Some of the church in Townsend in their lamentation would break their silence and cry out, "O my father in the gospel!" O, that blessed minister of Christ, who was used as God's instrument to open my eyes—shall I never see him again in this world." We then joined and sang the third hymn of the second book of Dr. Watts, and concluded the opportunity in prayer to Almighty God, that he would sanctify this dispensation to the good of many precious souls.

Respectfully your brother,

DAVID IRISH.

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To complete our history, we must return to Cheshire. About three weeks before Mr. Covell was expected to return, his family were agreeably surprised one morning, by the entrance of their dear and long tried friend, Deacon Rouse, accompanied by one of the neighbors. All sprang with gladness to meet the holy man, but he could not meet them with answering joy. After exchanging some few words of enquiry about health, the good old man sat down overcome with emotion. Mrs. Covell was scarcely less agitated. After an embarrassing pause, the eldest daughter enquired if Deacon Rouse had received any late news from her father? "My child, said he, *your father is dead!*"

Possibly the *out side* of the scene might be described; but the *inward* shock, the almost total extinction of life and feeling, save the one feeling of blasted hope, and the impossibility of surviving under it, is not in the power of language to express. But *our* time was not yet come, and we were obliged to *live on*, though seemingly impossible and undesirable. Indeed after this long lapse of years, it is difficult to *relate* the painful story with sufficient coherence to be intelligible.

Intelligence of the mournful event had been conveyed to Elder Webb, in Troy, with a request that he would acquaint the bereaved family. But he shrank from the trying task. He called on his brother Kendrick, of Lansingburgh, a tried friend of the family; but the office was too painful for him. Together they rode up to Pittstown, to their aged friend and father, Deacon Rouse. He was himself overwhelmed with grief, but saw that it was his lot to accept the painful duty. He had arrived in Cheshire over night, and came in, in the morning as has been stated.

His afflictive errand had been made known before he called on Mrs. Covell, and soon her house was thronged

and continued to be for several days. The people were struck with astonishment and grief. Could it be so? Could they have it so? Funeral sermons had been preached for him in several places, before the distressing tidings reached his family and flock in Cheshire—that was on Tuesday. Elder Leland was preparing to attend the mournful duty there, on Friday. During the interim, Elder Kendrick arrived, to mingle his own tears with those of the bereaved and afflicted family and people.—He was importuned for a word of consolation publicly, and finally consented to preach an evening sermon at Mrs. Covell's house. He disclaimed all intention of preaching a funeral discourse. Still he could not avoid something very like one. His text was a passage in Psalms: "Trust in the Lord at all times, O ye people, praise ye the Lord." On Friday, according to appointment, the funeral was attended in Cheshire, and Elder Leland preached from 2 epistle general of Peter, i, 12, 13. As a conclusion to his discourse he introduced the following poem:

Ah! my dear brother Covell! art thou gone?
 Hast thou forsaken earth for worlds unknown?
 And hast thou found those mansions, far above,
 Where every bosom glows with sacred love?
 And hast thou found the disembodied throng,
 To sound thy harp in their triumphant song?
 And dost thou now with angels vie in praise,
 And sweep the golden harp, in high, seraphic lays?
 Is Jesus in thy view? dost thou behold
 His sacred head, adorned with radiant gold?
 Doth he appear as lovely in thine eyes
 As revelation saith, as faith descries?
 Yes, thou art gone; thy better part is fled;
 Thy body only is among the dead.
 Before thy mortal limbs were stiff and cold,

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Thy soul was gone ten thousand leagues twice told.

The news from Canada has reached our ears ;
Which grieves our hearts and fills our eyes with tears.
The news declares that Covell's spirit's fled ;
Just twenty-seven days he's been among the dead.

Should some departed souls to earth return,
On messages of love of vast concern,
To warn the wicked, comfort the distressed,
Strengthen the feeble, and relieve the oppressed ;
Should Covell's soul appear with us to-day,
And fill this desk, instead of worthless me ;
How would the people feel to hear him tell,
The joys of heaven, and awful pains of hell !
Fancy conjecture : should he come to preach,
He'd deal a double portion out to each.

As spirits can not speak, without the help of clay,
I'll lend him my poor, mortal tongue, to-day,
Then hark ! and hear what COVELL has to say :

" My wife ! the partner of my former bed,
Our conjugal enjoyments now are dead,
We bound ourselves for life, but life is gone ;
Those who had wives, are now as though they'd none.
Fleshy connections never can abide,
Within these mansions where I now reside ;
Yet friendship dear, and fellowship divine,
Are heavenly things, which never can decline.

" O Clarissa ! weep not for me ; 'tis vain ;
My face you never will behold again.
A widow's hardships you must bear awhile ;
Exposed to injury, distress, and toil.
Always remember what the Lord hath said,
'I'll be the widow's God, the orphan's aid :'
Trust in his word ; he never spake in vain ;
He'll guide and guard you through this world of pain ;
Then in full glory you shall live and reign.

"My first born, Deidamia! hear your father's voice!
 In youthful days, O make the Lord your choice.
 All things beneath the burning sun are vain,
 But Christ is life, and heaven is boundless gain.
 Repent of sin, believe in gospel grace,
 Then, when you die, you'll see your father's face.

"Sally! my lovely Sally, you must die;
 Let youthful charms give way to piety.
 Though I am dead, like Abel now I speak:
 O fall, like Mary, at your Savior's feet.
 For sinners, Jesus bore exquisite pain;
 Let not his blood be spilt for you in vain.

"Cordelia! know thy father loves thee still:
 Though, cheerfully resigned to the Almighty's will,
 My station now forbids all earthly care,
 To feed your body, or your dress repair;
 Yet one grave warning I am sent to give:
 Look at your Savior, and your soul shall live.

"Julia! my youngest daughter, charming child,
 Be not by wicked customs e'er beguiled.
 The virtuous pattern; let the virtuous throng,
 Govern your passions, and command your tongue.
 Regard your mother, still her counsels hear,
 Keep from her eyes the parent's painful tear.

"Alanson! my son, my lovely, only son!
 Farewell, my babe; thy father's glass is run.
 Whose hand may guide you, what your lot may be,
 Is only known by the great Deity.
 Know, then, thy father's God, my son, in youth;
 Receive the Savior; trust the word of truth.
 Out of the mouth of babes, God can ordain
 Surprising strength, to stop the mouths of men.

"Brethren and neighbors, when I left the town,
 I little thought I never should return;
 But He, who governs all things, did ordain,
 That you and I should never meet again,

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Till time shall be no more, & Christ shall come to reign."

Thus far, my Covell speaks, with Leland's tongue ;
Now Leland speaks with sentiments his own :

Brethren ! the preacher of your choice is dead,
His soul from earth and earthly things has fled,
And the cold ground has now become his bed.

Alas ! what shall poor, weeping Zion do ?
Zion, whose foes are many, friends are few ?
The sadness of your hearts, your eyes betray ;
Like Jesus weep o'er Lazarus' clay,
And say, our friend and pastor's called away.

But let not funeral tears alone be shed ;
Mourn for your sins, as for a brother dead ;
Mourn for your sins, which have provoked your God
To send this token of his vengeful rod.

Cheer up, you saints ! the blessed Jesus knows,
What's best for you, and that his hand bestows :
Though prophets die, and fathers dwell in dust,
He will preserve the souls who in him trust."

Several obituary notices were published at the time ;
but the article now preserved in the "Religious Encyclo-
pædia" is a very good condensation of them all. The
reader is presented with an extract from that, with a few
words descriptive of his person prefixed. He was rather
below the common stature, and of good proportions, though
he became very thin and spare. A head and brow denot-
ing great expansion of intellect. Complexion dark, and
dark blue eye ; of deep and penetrating look ; features
rather strongly marked, and face rather thin and square.
He ever exhibited great neatness of person, and propriety
of dress. In the words of our author we add, "His
voice was clear and majestic, his address manly and
engaging, his doctrine, salvation by the cross, and his
preaching of the most solid and perspicuous kind. He
lived the religion he professed, and wherever he was
known, was highly and universally esteemed."

Time would fail to enumerate the lamentations, the mournings, excited by this unlooked for, this dark, mysterious, humbling Providence. Suffice it to say they were co-extensive with his acquaintance. But the estimation in which he was held, was not manifested by grief alone. For his sake many, very many, delighted to show kindness to his mourning widow and fatherless children. The dear people in Cheshire, came in with their freewill offerings, making ample provisions for the approaching winter. Elder Leland had loved his brother Covell, and mourned his loss, but did not let his kindness descend into the grave, and moulder with the dead. He too came with testimonials of love to the living, and in common with the other members of the church and society, remained a friend to the family.

It is written, "the liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand." Mr. Covell was one among many illustrative of this truth. His soul devised liberal things from the greatest to the smallest of his concerns, and as I do not recollect to have mentioned in the course of this history, that he was not unfrequently called to accept the liberality of others, with gratitude to our heavenly father I record it now. And the same fountains of good-will flowed out to the assistance of his family after his decease. Neither do I recollect to have mentioned one trait of character, which deserves a notice from its rarity.

He possessed a vividness of perception that enabled him to comprehend at a flash, as it were, the ideas of others, and almost to run in advance of an author or speaker, and thus while listening to another, he could at the same time be pursuing a different train of thought in his own mind, without losing the connection, or becoming confused in either. An instance in point, that may perhaps be recollected by some who may read these pages.

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Returning from the Association at Troy, in company with other brethren, he called at a friend's in Lansingburgh. One says, "brother Covell, I was sorry to have you lose brother Gano's sermon last evening." "I lose it," said he, "and why should you think I lost it?" "Because I saw you was engaged in writing the answer to the Tuscarora talk, and that that occupied you till about the close of the discourse." "True," said Mr. Covell, "but I can show you, nevertheless, that I heard the sermon." He then repeated the text, Heb. xii, 1, 2, noticing particularly Mr. Gano's expression of the sin which doth so easily beset us, as evidently meaning from the context preceding, the sin of *unbelief*, and not as was generally supposed, something we were severally prone to, or easily beset by. He proceeded to repeat the divisions and leading ideas of the subject.

In view of results exceeding all ordinary bounds of expectation, with propriety we exclaim, see "what hath God wrought." And this is the feeling, which involuntarily arises in reviewing the history of those events in which Mr. Covell shared so conspicuous a part. And to contemplate him, as he stood in the midst of his denomination, in frequent councils, on varied and trying occasions, at ordinations, at associations, at conventions, at devotional meetings of almost every form,—to behold him occasionally confronted with powerful adversaries to the truth, some of them impostors, some open infidels, and some erroneous teachers, ever obtaining the victory by the skilful application of a "thus it is written"—to see him ever wielding the pen of the ready writer, generally the chosen scribe of public occasions, and the draftsman of public documents—often the selected preacher at associations and other public occasions, to behold on *all* occasions, his enlargedness of thought, the unpremeditated copiousness and pertinence of his remarks, the

occasional loftiness of his style, the grammatical correctness of his language,—the inquiry naturally rises, can we expect to look upon his like again? Probably not; as it is not probable that circumstances will require such another. The great and glorious Head of the Church, is as glorious in *economy* as in *grace*, and fashions the instruments of his holy purposes, according to the service they will be required to perform; and on this principle, may we not expect, and do we not behold, in every age and generation, some few master spirits, who will not only be adapted to the circumstances of the society and times in which they live, but will be as it were “advance couriers” to those who shall succeed? And here springs up a consolation in the remembrance that both “they that went before and they that followed after, cried hosannah, to the son of David, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.”

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CHAPTER VII.

Session of 1807; Visit of Elder Irish; Extracts from the Minutes; Interesting Note of Dr. Baldwin; Elegiac Poem; Grave.

The next session of the Association was held with the bereaved church in Cheshire. A full and interesting representation attended, with distinguished brethren from other Associations, and among them Elder *Irish*. Trying indeed was his errand of love. He had come to visit that interesting body of men, whose hearts had so warmed toward their less privileged fellow-men at the west—to mingle his sorrows with those who had so often sat in council with their mutually dear brother Covell, to tell them in his behalf, of his faithfulness unto the end, and of his final release from toil and suffering, and to go to his dear brother's family, and carry them the clothing and personal effects of that friend they were no more to behold while dwellers on the earth. He was deeply conscious that the sight of those well-remembered garments, and the tokens of love from the dear people where their precious friend had breathed his last, would cause their hearts to bleed afresh. All his labor of love in attending to his friend's concerns, and coming the long journey with his things, had been though mournful, a pleasure. But now he had come to that which taxed his sensibilities to the utmost, and on arriving at the house of his dear brother Covell's widow, he was obliged to pause some considerable time at a short distance, before he could summon sufficient fortitude and resolution to enter and perform his mournful errand. But why again dwelling on this painful theme? Well I know that re-

calling those agonizing scerces, will not recall my dear father to our embraces. But pardon me, dear reader; a wound that can never be thoroughly healed, will still flow out whenever re-opened.

Returning to our narrative, we commence with article 6, of the Minutes of this session.

6. The following report was received from the Missionary Committee:—

“Your Committee, charged with Missionary affairs, beg leave to report, that during the last year, we have received \$139,67, which, added to \$59,44½, the surplus remaining in the Treasury at our last meeting, amounts to \$199,11½. That we have employed brother Jonathan Finch, three months, as a missionary, for which services we have paid him \$50, and \$3,50 for pamphlets he distributed on his mission. That we have employed brother Lemuel Covell, three months, as a missionary, for which we have paid him \$50. That a ten dollar bill, the Treasurer paid brother Covell, being counterfeit, we have directed him to pay ten dollars out of the Treasury to his widow—amounting, in the whole, to \$138,50; leaving a surplus in the Treasury of \$60,61½, as appears per Treasurer’s report.

“That brother Finch has made a very acceptable report to this Committee, of his mission through part of Vermont and New-York, on the west side of Lake Champlain. We are deeply impressed that his labors have not been in vain in the Lord, but rendered peculiarly beneficial to perishing souls. We feel an increasing conviction, that we ought to continue our exertions to send the joyful tidings of salvation into that country.

“That the report of brother Covell’s mission through the western settlements of New-York, on to the Tuscarora Nation of Indians, and into the Province of Upper Canada, we shall not have from himself, until we hear

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his history in heaven. We learn, however, that he was faithful unto the death. The perishing state of the people, and the cause of God, very loudly call for our utmost exertions to continue sending missionaries into that country. The mournful death of our much lamented, and dearly beloved brother Covell, casts a sorrowful gloom over our hearts. Low lies the body of our dear brother Covell. In the cause of God he ended his career. His soul, we trust, has gone home to glory, while his body has descended to the dust. And shall the missionary spirit die with him? Shall that descend to the grave too? God forbid? No, brethren, may the mantle of Elijah fall on Elisha.* Let us exert ourselves in the cause of God, and try to promote the spread of the glorious gospel of Christ in a dying world.

By order of Committee,

ISAAC WEBB, *Chairman.*

NATHANIEL KENDRICK, *Clerk.*

Cheshire, June 2, 1807."

Brother Finch presented letters to the Association from the churches in Plattsburgh and Peru, and from brother Solomon Brown, thanking them for sending missionaries into their country, and soliciting their continuance in this apostolic service to them, and the perishing inhabitants of their land. Brother Webb presented a written Talk from the Tuscarora Indians, in which they express their thanks to the Association for their care towards them; that they should send missionaries to instruct them; and particularly brother Covell, with a staff, pipe, and tobacco-box, as tokens of friendship.

* And this prayer in unison with thousand others was heard.—The mission spirit not only remained with associated Shaftsbury, but the Otsego Association comprising many churches in which Mr. Covell had repeatedly performed labors of love, this same year organized a board of missionary operation. See "Peck and Lawton's History of the New-York State Baptist Convention."

They wish to continue receiving missionaries from us, and that the chain of friendship may be kept bright.— Brother Irish presented letters from the churches in Townsend and Charlotteville, importing their steadfastness in the truth, and expressing their thanks to the Association for their epistles of love, and missionary services to them; requesting that they may be continued. He also gave a particular verbal account of the last indefatigable labors of brother Covell, and of his triumphant death, through an unshaken faith in his Divine Redeemer.

7. After hearing the Committee's report, together with the documents and verbal accounts accompanying it,

Resolved, unanimously, That this Association do cordially approve of the doings of the said Committee, and the services of brother Finch, as reported:—That we think it our duty to continue our exertions in sending missionaries into destitute places; and in order for this, we appoint brethren Blood, Hull, Webb, Peck, Glass, Kendrick, Upham, Rouse, Hendrix, West, Himes, and Hinman, our Missionary Committee for the ensuing year.

11. Appointed brethren Webb, Hull, Peck and Kendrick, our Committee, to wait on brother Holmes, agreeable to his request; to consult with him on measures for the continuance of his mission among the Indians; and whatever may relate to the good of Zion: and that they prepare and send, in behalf of the Association, a Corresponding Letter to the Tuscarora Nation of Indians, in answer to their written Talk to us.

18. Appointed brother Kendrick to answer the letters to the Association, from the churches of Townsend, Charlotteville, Plattsburgh and Peru.

19. Ordered, that a Dirge, composed by a young lady,*

* I have learned that this young lady was a sister in the Stephantown church, but have never been able to learn her name.

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on the death of brother Covell, be printed with our Minutes.

20. Resolved, That it be the duty of the churches of this Association, to contribute to the support of brother Covell's widow and children; and that we recommend it to those churches, who are behind in their contributions, to take some method, by subscription, or by some other means, to make up their liberality, and forward the same by an early opportunity. May no one, whom God hath prospered, be lacking in such an apostolic example and precept.*

24. The business of the Association was followed by two well adapted and very impressive addresses, by brethren Worden and Blood, which, to Christians, were like precious ointment poured forth.

The Committee charged with missionary affairs, take this opportunity to give official information, that they have appointed brethren Peck, Glass and Matteson, a Committee to the Saratoga Association, to propose a coalition with them, to promote the important object of sending missionaries to destitute places. Also, appointed brother Kendrick a committee to make the same overtures to the Vermont Association. We have agreed to meet the next year at Deacon Bushnel's, at Pownal, at 1 o'clock, P. M. the day preceding the next meeting of the Association.

The Trustees of the New-York Baptist Missionary Society have agreed to meet next year, at the same time and place with the Missionary Committee; and they take this opportunity most earnestly to entreat their brethren in the ministry, both of this and the adjacent Associations, to use their utmost endeavors to promote a

* The Warren Association, which included the churches of Boston and vicinity, also forwarded to Mrs. Covell a token of their benevolence, and Dr. Baldwin himself sent her a valuable present.

subscription, and so to form a district in each of their congregations or parishes, and each district, (should it contain only ten subscribers, one dollar each,) is requested to send a trustee to meet at the time and place above alluded to.

ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF BROTHER LEMUEL COVELL.

HAIL, sacred Muse! inspire a female pen
With flowing numbers, and a lofty strain,
To sing of COVELL's late, untimely fall;
A shining light, remov'd from Zion's wall,
And sunk in night: darkness involves the poles,
And a broad gloom o'erwhelms our weeping souls:
Scarce can we hope an equal orb will rise,
Since his bright soul has pass'd the lower skies:
Zion stands trembling; all her pillars mourn;
Her richest dust lies hid in COVELL's urn.
Let gloomy cypress weave a mournful shade,
And bending willows hang their drooping heads
Around the spot where his dear body lies,
In distant lands, beneath inclement skies.

No warlike arts, nor deeds of martial fame—
Of sanguinary heroes, stain his name:
Not all the honors of a tinted field
Could add a charm, or one new lustre yield
To COVELL's worth. Religion's vot'ry shines
In diff'rent wreaths, wrought out by skill divine.

Meek, mild, intelligent, and full of love—
His office sacred, giv'n him from above.
Nature and grace their richest gifts bestow'd,
To adorn the man, and form the saint of God:
He seem'd design'd, by the Almighty hand,
To sound the gospel trumpet through the land.
His deep discernment, and his ready wit,
And native eloquence, pronounce him fit

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To spread the tidings of salvation round,
That heathen lands might hear the glorious sound.
His worth well known, his brethren send him forth
To preach the gospel in the distant north.
It seem'd God crown'd his labors with success,
To spread the gospel in the wilderness:
Like Paul, he planted churches, and ordain'd
Elders, who might the truth maintain;
To feed the flock, and daily bring to view,
From God's great treasure-house, things, old and new.

His great success charm'd all his brethren so,
Again he's call'd—again submits to go,
Where superstition rear'd its horrid head,
And ignorance and witchcraft terrors spread:
Seditious murmurings through the village ran—
Infernal rage and malice led the van:
Th' unbury'd hatchet, and the bloody knife,
Proclaim the onset of approaching strife.

COVELL arrives!—but not with sounding car,
Nor legions, train'd in all the arts of war,
Waiting the dread command to strike the blow,
To lay usurping chiefs and warriors low.
Alone, unarm'd, this heav'nly champion stood,
Unarm'd by savages, who thirst for blood;
Wisdom and love adorn'd his steady brow,
While truth encircled, like the radiant bow,
Persuasive eloquence, like summer show'rs,
Fall soft and sweet, but with resistless powers:
He quell'd the clamors of the murd'rous clan,
Taught them, that love to God, and love to man,
Were sacred virtues, and surpassing far
The honors gain'd by fierce, unnat'ral war.

Heav'n lent its aid to assist a mortal hand
Peace to restore, and order, through the land:
Submissive warriors, bending,ordon crave

To prove they were sincere, the triple wampum gave,
 (Emblem of peace) by COVELL's hand they send,
 Who gladly bears it to his anxious friends.
 His friends receive with joy the peaceful sign;
 Enraptur'd hearts in solemn praises join
 T' adore the pow'r, and bless the hand divine
 That could perform such wonders; could control
 The fiercest passions of the savage soul.
 Sure infidels must stand amaz'd, and own
 The gospel has a pow'r to them unknown:
 Own 'twas its gentle influence that subdu'd
 The untam'd savage, and the native rude.

Again commission'd, on his friends' behalf,
 COVELL provides, and bears th' appointed staff
 To the first sachem—and the box, that shows
 The circle of God's love, that does enclose
 The human heart—with silver pipe is sent
 To the chief warrior; but, with wise intent
 To have the tube inserted, by his hands:
 The emphatic sign with ease he understands.
 A token to confirm their wish, to join
 In lasting friendship; shew their whole design
 Was pure benevolence to all the race,
 Though darker hues spread o'er the Indian face:
 Sweet charity embraces all mankind,
 Her ardent zeal flows free, and unconfin'd.

But, ah! his race of glory now is run;
 His labor's finish'd, all his work is done;
 A few revolving weeks, with grief we find,
 Ends his career, and closes his design—
 Death shuts the scene!
 Hark! from the wilderness, of late, we hear—
 The piercing sound salutes the list'ning ear:
 COVELL is dead!—the weeping churches cry:
 COVELL is dead!—the echoing hills reply.

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Well may the church appear in sackcloth dress'd,
To mourn the man, the Christian, and the priest.

Cheshire, the seat of COVELL's late abode,
Feel most severely the chastising rod,
Their ardent wishes were fulfill'd awhile;
They shar'd his labors, and enjoy'd his smile.
Alas! too soon their pleasing prospects end;
In vain they mourn their dear departed friend:
No pray'rs can alter or reverse the doom
That call'd the righteous from the ills to come.

But who can paint the anguish, speak the pain
Of his lov'd partner, and her orphan train!
Depriv'd, at once, of husband, father, friend;
One fatal stroke their earthly comforts end:
The heaving bosom, and the streaming tear,
Best speak their grief—their heavy woes declare.
Must they be left, in solitude to pine?
Or, will united brethren nobly join
"T' assuage the throbbings of the fester'd part,
"And stanch the bleedings of the broken heart?"
Surely the widow's judge will deign to bless
Each act of kindness to the fatherless;
Will render double for such favors shown,
To soothe the widow's and the orphan's groan.

Here stop my fancy, and reverse the theme:
Though he deserv'd our love, and high esteem,
Yet let us not contemplate Zion's fall,
Though a wide breach is made within her wall:
Jesus still lives! the rock of ages proves—
A firm foundation that can never move;
Built on this rock, the church must ever stand,
Though tempest sweep, and thunder shake the land!"

A letter from Elder, now Dr. N. Kendrick, who went
on the same mission tour in 1808, informed us that the

church in Clinton, where Mr. Covell died, had enclosed his grave with a decent fence, and had erected a perpetuating monument at their own expence. He also sent us a copy of the inscription, but the letter not having been in my possession for several years, I am unable to present an accurate copy here.

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